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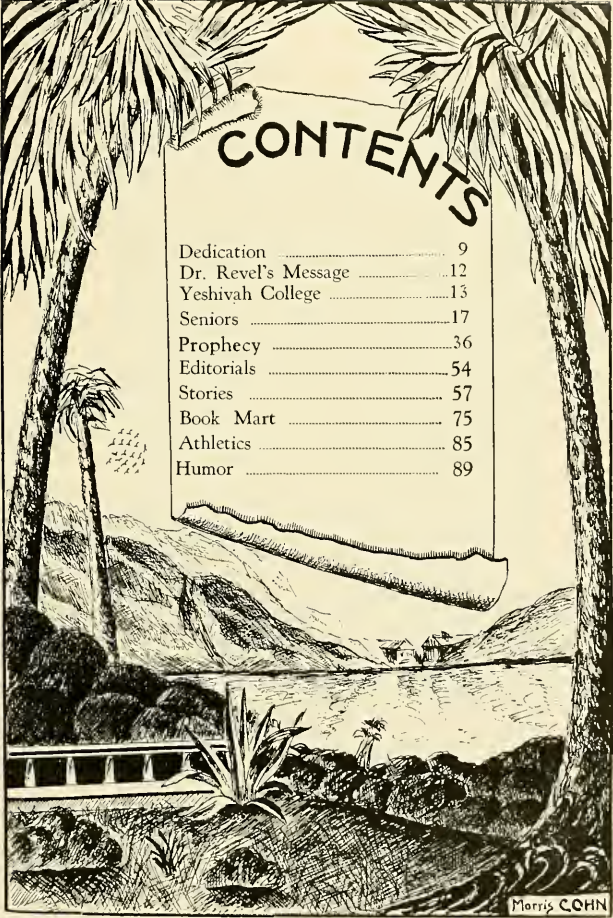
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מצבת זכרון לנשמת

ר' צבי אלטשול

נפטר ב' תשרי תרפ"ח



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Morris COHN



D e d i c a t i o n

In appreciation of his invaluable service to the
school, and devotion to the students, the
editors respectfully dedicate this
issue of the Elephanite to their
teacher and friend

Alexander Efron





THE FACULTY

THE FACULTY



Bernard Revel, M.A. (N.Y.U.), Ph.D. (Dropsie)	President of the Faculty
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*On leave of absence.

Address of Dr. Bernard Revel



To you there has come a greater opportunity than to the earlier graduates of the Yeshiva High School. To the most worthy among you will soon be opened the doors of the new Yeshiva Buildings, academic and serene, founded upon Torah and the love of God, walled with inspiration, towered with the beauty and the strength of Israel's immortal ideas and concepts of life, and Israel's unique destiny, consecrated to the glory of God and His Torah.

The cherished dream of a Yeshiva College is now, **ברוך השם** become reality. The **השם** will soon harmoniously include the **יפיפותו של יפת** in the true spirit of our **תורת הים**. For the knowledge and the service of the Torah are the goal of the Yeshiva, all other learning and activity serving but to forward, to strengthen, to bring to fuller realization, this its fundamental ideal.

Recognize that all this expended effort and thought, all the result of these great endeavors and sacrifices, is for you, and for those who follow you, to afford you a fuller, homogeneous training, to enable you to contemplate the trials and the triumphs of life, the concerns of your own living and your personal achievements, in the light of the Torah, and of the ideals upon which the Yeshiva is founded, and to which it is forever dedicated.

Let us strive to be worthy of the great spiritual and intellectual opportunities that are opening before us; and may you all, even those of you who find it necessary temporarily or permanently to leave the walls of the Yeshiva, take with you and carry in your hearts the life-giving message and teachings of the Yeshiva, so that the spirit of God will guide your lives and His glory fill the Yeshiva.

The Yeshivah College

Dr. Shelley R. Safir



At a meeting held March 29, 1928, the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York authorized the Yeshiva College, empowering it, as an integral part of the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, to give courses in liberal arts and sciences leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science.

The aim of the Yeshiva College is to afford a harmonious union of culture and spirituality, to bring into the field of American education the contribution of the Jewish perspective upon learning and knowledge; where Jewish studies will be an integral part of the course in the humanities, and general culture will be included in the curriculum of those who prepare themselves for the rabbinate and for teaching.

The Yeshiva College will dedicate its energies to the education of a small number of American Jewish young men of promise, introducing them to the cultural attainments of all mankind in the fields of art, physical sciences, and social sciences. It will educate both liberally and Jewishly those who have already been imbued with the spirit and sanctity of Judaism and its

teachings. The studies will be conducted in an environment that is spiritually sympathetic, where the lay and religious influence will mingle freely to produce a mind that is consistent in its outlook and is capable of seeing the harmony of life.

While it is not expected that the Yeshiva College will take its place in the near future in the forefront of our higher institutions of secular learning, it will, nevertheless, aim to maintain high academic standards. It is expected that the Yeshiva College will attract to its faculty a group of creative personalities who, in addition to having achieved recognition in their respective fields of work, will be imbued with the Jewish spirit and the Jewish philosophy of life and ideals of conduct.

It is expected that the Yeshiva College will open for the academic year 1928-1929 in the fall of this year. During the coming year and for several years thereafter, until the time when a separate college building will be erected on the east side of Amsterdam Avenue, the location of the college will be in Group A of the new building, now being completed.

It is the present intention to give only the first year of college work during the academic year 1928-1929. In succeeding years, additional work will be offered until the full four-year curriculum leading to the baccalaureate degree is completed.

Such laboratory equipment as may be needed for the science courses to be given during the coming academic year will be provided. In addition to the main library, which will be located on the first and second floors of the new buildings, there will also be collections of reference books

in connection with the various departments. Such other additional apparatus, equipment, and supplies as may be needed in the various kinds of work offered by the different departments will be amply provided.

The first year course of studies leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science has already been approved and registered by the University of the State of New York (May 3, 1928) as giving college credit, and as applied toward qualifying certificates. Matriculated students who satisfactorily complete the work of the freshman year will be entitled to the law student qualifying certificate based on one year of college work. The credits are recognized as of equal value with those of any other college or university under the general supervision of the State Department of Education.

Of special significance and value to first-year students will be the orientation or survey courses in the mathematics, natural sciences, and social sciences. The course in mathematics will extend throughout the year and will present a highly integrated and thoroughly unified presentation of mathematics. In the course in science an attempt will be made to sum up the fundamental principles of those sciences that have a controlling influence on social and industrial life, and will be followed by work in one of the sciences so as to acquaint the student with the methods of scientific thinking and the development of laboratory technique. The course in social sciences, which will extend throughout the year, will attempt to summarize the principal factors underlying the historical development of our modern political, economic, and social conditions.

In general, the aim of these survey courses will be to give to students a perspective, a general survey of the entire curriculum, so as to assist them in choosing

with understanding among the fields of study that are open, and to lead them to coordinate their intellectual interests from the beginning of their college work. Each one of these courses will be conducted by several members of the faculty, each giving that part of the work which he is most qualified to conduct by reason of his training and experience. Occasionally, outside men will be invited to give lectures in portions of the work in which they have won wide recognition and distinction.

Candidates for the baccalaureate degrees will be required to offer for admission a four year course in an approved secondary school or equivalent, in addition to certain requirements in Talmud and Hebrew. The admission credit offered should consist of the following 15 units or approved equivalents:

ARTS COURSE

Prescribed

English	3 units
Foreign language	5 "
History	2 "
Science	1 "
Mathematics	2 "

Elective 2 "

Total 15 units

SCIENCE COURSE

Prescribed

English	3 units
Foreign language	3 "
History	2 "
Science	3 "
Mathematics	2 "

Elective 2 "

Total 15 units

In order that the curriculum may carry out the fundamental aims of the Yeshiva College, it is conceived along five distinct lines of work.

The first division is concerned with those subjects which give a mastery of the tools of study, such as mathematics, a foreign language, and the vernacular, necessary instruments in terms of which one acquires further knowledge.

The second division aims to give the necessary facts of life,—facts that deal with its social organization, its scientific development; facts that every intelligent and educated person must have at his command.

The third division aims to prepare for cultural enjoyment and for intelligent leisure; for an intelligent reaction to the arts of life, such as literature, the fine arts, and music.

The fourth division is concerned with the subjects and practices which lead to a healthy body and with the development of an interest in health-giving physical activity.

The fifth division concerns itself with religion, and religious and Semitic studies.

The entire curriculum is divided into two sections. Section A is prescribed. Section B is elective. The total number of credits to be secured for graduation is 128. Of these approximately 85 are prescribed approximately 43 are elective. The elective studies are grouped so that intelligent concentration will be assured. The plans call for a concentration of a maximum number of credits in one subject and one department. For this reason the curriculum is organized in to 9 or 10 departments as follows:

- Foreign Language
- English
- Classical Languages
- Semitic Languages
- Social Sciences — Economics, Sociology, Psychology, History, Education.
- Mathematics
- Physical Sciences
- Philosophy and Logic
- Hebrew

The required electives shall be taken as follows:—not less than ten in one division and not less than ten in a second division. The remaining credits, which will be approximately twenty, may be taken according to the individual preference of the student. This arrangement will therefore guarantee concentration in two divisions and will leave the student approximately twenty credits to be used in further concentration or in following a more diffused program, whichever will better serve his cultural or professional needs.

Listed below are the courses to be offered during the academic year of September, 1928—June, 1929.

ENGLISH

Written English—Advanced Grammar, Rhetoric, and Composition.

Word Analysis—2 semesters—2 hours a week—2 credits each semester.

Oral English

The aim of this work will be to insure speech that is correctly articulated and enunciated. This work will stress phonetic correctness of speech.

2 semesters—2 hours a week—1 credit each semester.

Modern Foreign Language

Foreign language is required until a total of five years of one foreign language has been taken, high school language study included. A student may select either French or Latin.

German will be offered later.

2 semesters—3 hours a week—3 credits each semester.

Mathematics

Mathematical Analysis—A highly integrated and thoroughly unified presentation of advanced Algebra, Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry and Calculus.

(Continued on Page 66)

Senior Class Officers



BERNARD KAPLOWITZ
President



BERNARD GREENBERG
Vice-President



Mr. BENJAMIN SHAPIRO
Honorary President



JOSEPH KAMINETSKY
Sectetary



LOUIS J. RUBEL
Athletic Manager



APPLEBAUM, BEN ZION

"Benzine"

"One of life's little jokes."

Hobby—Day dreaming.

Ambition—Agriculturist in Palestine.

Favorite Subject—Physics.

BAUMRIND HAROLD

"Harry"

"Talked so much—his "Adam's apple"
turned to apple sauce."

Ambition—Teaching.

Hobby—Learning Latin.

BERLINER, L.

"Berlin"

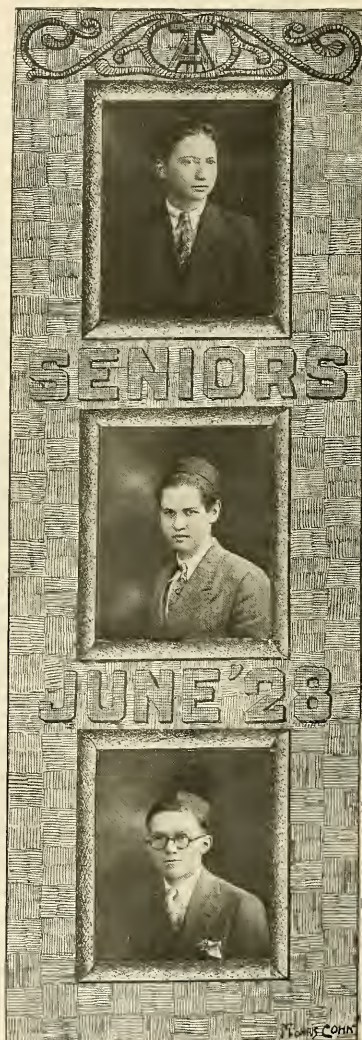
"He says nothing and it sounds great."

Ambition—C.P.A.—Authorized Publisher
of Cosmology.

Hobby—To look for justice.

Favorite Subject—Math.

Record—Discipline Squad 5, 8; Stu-
dents' Aid Committee 5, 7, 8; Math.
Club 6, 7; Pin and Picture Committee 7.



BERTMAN, MAX

"A promising student, always promising to do better."

Ambition—To propogate the Hebrew language.

Hobby—Reading Hebrew Literature.

Record—Students' Aid 7, 8; *Discipline Squad* 8; *Pin and Picture Comm.* 7, 8; *German Club* 8; *Math Club* 7, 8.

BRESLER, SAMUEL M.

"Sonny"

"The flower of the class — a "bloomin idiot."

Hobby—Philately.

Ambition—Medicine.

Favorite Subject—History with Mr. Bernstein.

Record—Baseball Team 2, 4, 6, 8; *Punchball Team* 2, 4, 6, 8; *Versity Team* 8; *Upper Champs Baseball Team* 6; *Students' Council* 8; *Athletic Council* 7; *Executive Council* 8; *Sec'y of G. O.* 8; *House of Reps.* 8; *Discipline Squad* 7; *Library Staff* 7; *Honor Roll* 4, 5.

CHERNICK, SOLOMON

"Chick"

As head of the Pin Committee, he stuck us pretty.

Ambition—Teacher.

Hobby—Going machine riding.

Favorite Subject—Dr. Steinbach's English period.

Record—Class Vice-Pres. 7; *Students' Council* 7; *Baseball Team* 2, 4, 6; *Punchball Team* 2, 4; *Basketball Team* 1, 4, 8; *School Champs.* 8; *Pin and Picture Comm.* 7, 8; *Ass't Librarians* 7; *Athletic Council* 4; *Athletic Manager* 4



FELD, PHILIP

The "punctuation kid," he's still in a coma.

Ambition—Rabbi.

Hobby—Arguing with Dr. Steinbach.

Record—Discipline Squad 8; Basketball Team 3, 4, 5; Punchball Team 4, 6; Baseball Team 4, 6.

FELDMAN, MATHIAS

"Matty"

"All great men are dying — I don't feel well myself."

Ambition—Journalism.

Hobby—

Favorite Subject—

Record — Thomas Jefferson H. S. 4.
Greek Club Secretary 7, 8; German Club 8; Discipline Squad 8.

GANZ, IRVING

"Irv."

"A lady killer—one look at him and they die of fright."

Ambition—Journalism.

Hobby—Ticklin' the ivories.

Favorite Subject—English.

Record—Students' Aid Comm. 4, 5, 8; Discipline Squad 5, 6, 8; Lieutenant 8; Supply Store Comm. 8; Sanitary Squad 5, 6; House of Reps. 8; Election and Canvassing Comm. 6; Associate Editor of Elchanite 7, 8; Associate Editor G.O. News 8; Librarian-in-Chief 7; Executive Comm. 7; Math. Club 5, 6; Greek Club 7, 8; German Club 8; Students' Council 6, 7; Class Secretary 5; Class V. P. 6; Honor Roll 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.



GREENBERG HERBERT A.

"Herbie"

"So fast his future is behind him"

Ambition—Journalism.

Hobby—Reading, writing and ciphering.

Favorite Subject—English.

Record—Athletic Manager of school 8; Executive Comm. 8; G. O. Council 9; Varsity Baseball Team 6, 8; Class Baseball Team 2, 4, 6, 8; Upper Division Champs. 8; Discipline Squad 7; Students' Aid 6, 7, 8; Chairman Athletic Council 8; Punchball Team 2, 4, 6; Elchanite Stac 7, 8; Ass't Editor G. O. News 7; Chairman First Aid 7; Greek Club 7, 8; Winner of Lincoln Essay Contest 7.

GREENBERG, BERNARD

"We call him sandwich because he's half-bred.

Hobby—Finding Greek derivations.

Favorite Subject—History.

Ambition—To know.

Record—Honor Roll 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Students' Council 8; Students' Council of S. O. Y. 8; Debating Council 5, 8; Discipline Squad 8; Magazine Comm. 8; Send-off Comm. 7, 8; Pres. Greek Club 7; Editor of "Der Akademiker" 8; Associate Editor of G. O. News 7.

GREENBERG, JACOB

"Born to blush unseen."

Ambition—Preaching.

Hobby—Zion Star.

Record—School Librarian 5, 6; Students Aid 5, 6.



GROSS, GEORGE E.

"Georgie"

"Muscle bound from tapping himself on the back."

Ambition—Rabbinate.

Hobby—No! What's yours.

Favorite Subject—Greek.

Record—Discipline Squad 7; Debating Team 1, 2, 3, 4, 8; Champions 3, 8; Elchanite Staff 7, 8; Baseball Team 3, 4; Students' Aid 5, 6; G. O. Council 5, 7; Editor-in-Chief G. O. News 7, 8; Greek Club 7, 8; German Club 8; Library Staff 7.

HOLZMAN, JACOB

"An artist—he draws flies."

Ambition—Rabbinate.

Hobby—Physical Culture.

Record—Stuyvesant 1, 2, 3.

JACOBSON, NATHAN

"Jacy"

"Nothing to do and spends all his time doing it."

Ambition—G-D knows.

Hobby—To sit and dream.

Record—German Club 8; Greek Club 7, 8.



KAMINETSKY, JOSEPH

"Kamy"

Muscle Shoals (he's on a reef).

Ambition—Teaching.

Hobby—Studying

Record—Class Sec'y 7, 8; Sec'y German

Club 8; Supply Store R; Discipline

KAPLOWITZ, BERNARD

"Barny"

"Performed a great feat — and them washed them."

Ambition—Medicine.

Hobby—Reading.

Favorite Subject—English.

Record—Class Pres. 8; Ass't Librarian

8; Elchanite Staff 7, 8; Students' Council

8; Athletic Council 8; Discipline Squad

8; Punchball Team 5, 7; Basketball

Team 8; School Champs. 8; Baseball

Team 6, 8; Upper Champs. 6; Send-off

Comm. 7, 8; Varsity Baseball Team 8.

KOENIGSBERG, JOSEPH

"King"

"As an actor on the stage he'd be better off."

Ambition—Law.

Hobby—Delivering Speeches.

Favorite Subject—German.

Record—Class Debator 5, 6; Class Col-

lector 5, 6; Class Pres. 7; Students'

Council 7; Pin Comm. 7, Math. Club 7,

8; Glee Club 4, 7; House of Reps. 4;

President German Club 8; Library Staff

6, 7; Students' Aid 6, 7, 8; Discipline

Squad 7, 8; Sergeant 7, 8; Election and

Canvassing Comm. 7; Varsity Baseball

8; Class Athletic Manager 3; Baseball

Team 2, 4, 6, 8; Basketball Team 1, 3,

5, 7, 8; Champs. R; Punchball Team 2,

4, 6.



KOENIGSBERG, MORRIS

"King"

"He's so honest—he worked in a turkish bath and never took one."

Ambition—Law.

Hobby—Athletics.

Favorite Subject—French.

Knock—

Record—Students' Aid 2; Honor Roll 2; Punchball Team 7; Basketball Team 3, 5, 7; Baseball Team 2, 4, 6, 8.

KRUSTANGLE, FRANK

"Krusty"

"Been in a stable and he'd stall all day long."

Ambition—Law.

Hobby—Athletics.

Favorite Subject—Physics.

Record—House of Reps. 3, 8; Debater 2, 3, 6; Discipline Squad 4, 6, 7, 8; Athletic Manager 2, 3; Ass't Athletic Manager 6; Varsity Baseball Team 8; Baseball Teams 2, 4, 6, 8; Upper Divisions Champs. 6; Punchball Teams 2, 4, 6; Champs. 3 Basketball Team 1, 3, 5, 7, 8; Champs. 3, 5, 7, 8.

LEVINE, IRVING

"Yitz"

"Uses Griffin Shoe Polish to polish up his understanding."

Ambition—Law.

Hobby—Reading.

Favorite Subject—English.

Record—Editor Elchanite 7, 8; Executive Comm. 7, 8; Students' Council 7, 8; Editor G. O. News 7; Discipline Squad Sergeant 6; Elchanite Collector 5, 6; Sanitary Squad 6; Pin and Picture Comm. 7, 8; Send-off Comm. Library Staff 8; Varsity Baseball Team 8; Class Baseball Team 6, 8; Upper Division Champs. 6; Basketball Team 5, 7; Punchball Team 4, 6; House of Reps. Math. Club 8.



LIFSCHITZ HYMAN

"Hy"

"Studying Hindu mysticism. (the fakir)"

Hobby—Basketball.

Ambition—Rabbinate.

Favorite Subject—History.

Record—G.O. Collector 1, 2; Elchanite Collector 1, 2, 3; House of Reps. 8; Supply Store 2, 5, 8; Chairman of Supply Store 8; Students' Aid Comm. 5; Chairman 8; First Aid Comm. 3; Chairman 8; Discipline Squad 7; Chairman 8; Basketball Team 2, 3, 5, 7, 8; Punchball Team 2, 4, 6; Students' Council 8; Vice-President S. O. T. H. S. 8; Send-off Comm. 8; German Club 8.

LIFSCHITZ, MORRIS

"Moish."

"The better half."

Hobby—Speaking for a successful candidate.

Ambition—Law.

Favorite Subject—Bugs.

Record—Ass't Elchanite Collector 1, 2, 3; Ass't. G. O. Collector 1, 2, 3; House of Reps. 8; Supply Store 4, 5, 8; Mng'r 8; Students' Aid 5, 8; First Aid Comm. 5, 8; Discipline Squad 7, 8; Basketball Team 1, 3, 5, 7, 8; School Champs. 8; Athletic Council 2; Pin and Picture Comm. 7; German Club 8; Math Club 8.

LIPMAN, SOLOMON

"Lip"

"A "butting" genius."

Hobby—Politics.

Ambition—Settle in Palestine.

Favorite Subject—Literature.

Record—Students' Council 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Debating Council 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; Champions 3, 7, 8; House of Reps. 3, 8; Discipline Squad 6, 7, 8; Supply Store Comm. 6, 7; Students' Aid 5, 6, 7; Sanitary Squad 2, 3, 4, 5; Magazine Comm. 7, 8; Math. Club 6; Greek Club 7, 8; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Election and Canvassing Comm. 6, 7; G. O. Collector 8



terms. Elchanite Collector 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Circulation Manager of Elchanite 7, 8; Baseball Team 2, 4, 6, 8; Varsity Baseball Team 8; Basketball Team 1, 3, 5; Champions 5; Punchball 2, 4, 6.

LULOFF, HARRY

Plenty of brain cells but they need re-charging.

Ambition—Medicine.

Hobby—Experimentation.

Favorite Subject—Chemistry.

Record—Discipline Squad 5, 8; Hebrew Squad 7; Students' Aid 7, 8; Pin and Picture Comm. 7, 8; Baseball Team 2, 4, 6, 8; Basketball Team 1, 3, 5, 7; Punchball 3, 5, 7.

MOSESON, SOLOMON ISAIAH

"Shloimie"

Another point for Capital Punishment

Ambition—Scientist.

Hobby—Playing assistant to Mr. Efron and Mr. Randell.

Favorite Subject—Physics.

Record—Ass't Librarian 8; Magazine Comm. 3, 8; Manager Mag. Comm. 8; Students' Aid Comm. 5, 6, 7, 8; Discipline Squad 8; Honor Roll 4, 5, 7; Math. Club 6, 7, 8; House of Reps. 3, 8; Pin and Picture Comm. 7, 8; Associate Editor Bulletin 4; Glee Club 5; Baseball Team 2, 4; Punchball team 4, 6.

MUSS, HYMAN

"Hy"

"Pretty as a picture, fit to be hung."

Ambition—To be or not to be?

Hobby—Going home.

Favorite Subject—Not Latin.

Record—Pres. G. O. 8; Executive Comm. 8; G. O. Council 8; Business Manager Elchanite 7, 8; Ass't 6; Advertising Manager Elchanite 5; Students' Aid 7; Supply Store 6, 7; Manager Supply Store 7; Election and Canvassing Comm. 5; Discipline Squad 5, 6, 7; Sergeant 7; House of Reps. 3; Athletic Manager 4, 5; Ass't School Athletic Manager 5; Basketball Team 3, 5, 7; Baseball Team 2, 4, 6.



NEUSTADTER, EMANUEL

"Neuei"

"Spoke through a sieve and had his voice strained."

Ambition—???????

Hobby—Reading.

Favorite Subject—History.

Record—Chairman First Aid Comm. 8; Lieutenant Discipline Squad 8; Discipline Squad 5, 6, 7, 8; Pin and Picture Comm. 7, 8; Send-off Comm. 7; Baseball Team 4, 6, 8; Punchball Team 6, 8; Basketball Team 7; Circulation Mgr G. O. News 7; Adv. Mgr Elchanite 7, 8; Library Staff 7; Pres. Rabbi Levine's Class 7, 8; German Club 8.

PENKOWER, MORRIS S.

"Sh! he eats onions—don't breath it to a soul."

Ambition—To be what I am not.

Hobby—Nothing to boast about.

Favorite Subject—Talmud.

Record—G. O. News Staff 8; Students' Council 7; Athletic Council 7; Class Pres. 7; Discipline Squad 7, 8; Chairman of Election and Canvassing Comm 8; Bulletin Editor 3; Ass't Editor 2; Students' Aid 3, 7, 8; Glee Club Honor Roll 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8; House of Reps. 3; Debating Team 2, 3, 6.

PERSKY, MAURICE BERNARD

"Perk"

Doughnuts—he's money crazy.

Ambition—Law.

Hobby—Picking up Congressional Records off G. O. Room after Staff meetings

Favorite Subject—History.

Record—Librarian-in-Chief 8; Executive Committee 8; Students' Council 8; Ass't librarian 7; Elchanite Staff 7, 8; Editor bulletin 7; Send-off Comm. 7, 8; Math Club 7, 8; German Club 8; House of Reps. 8; Discipline Squad 5, 7; Students' Aid 5; Honor Roll 8 terms; Basketball Team 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; School Champs. 8; Punchball Team 2, 4, 6; Baseball



Team 2, 4, 6, 8; Upper Champs. 6; Varsity Baseball Team 8.

POLSKIN, SAMUEL

"Jimmy"

"Like a Bermuda Onion — so big and strong."

Hoby—Reading Books.

Ambition—Business.

Favorite Subject—History.

RUBEL, LOUIS J.

"Like Quebec—built on a bluff."

Ambition—Business.

Hobby—Greek.

Record—Athletic Manager of Class 5; Ath. Council 8; Ass't. School Athletic Manager 8; Executive Comm. 7; Students' Council 7; Secretary of School 7; Greek Club 7, 8; Disc. Squad 8; Elchanite Collector 5, 6; Punchball Team 2, 4, 6, 8; Baseball Team 2, 4, 6, 8; Varsity Baseball Team 8; German Club 8.

SIVERSTEIN, RALPH

A voice like Webster—a head like Clay.

Hobby—Eating apples.

Ambition—Law.

Record—Class Pres. 4, 5, 6, Students' Council 4, 5, 6; Discipline Squad 7, 8; Athletic Council 6; Amendment Comm. 5, 6; Election and Canvassing Comm. 4, 5, 6, 7; Sanitary Squad 4, 5; Pin and Picture Comm. 7; Pres. Glee Club 7; Debating Council 7.



SKOLNIK, SAMUEL

"Nick"

"Think he's a wit—he's half right."

Hobby—Science.

Ambition—Dentistry.

Record—Honor Roll 5; Discipline Squad 3, 8; House of Reps. 3, 8; Students' Aid 3, 5, 8; Math. Club 8; Pin and Picture Comm. 7.

SNOW, JOSEPH

"The idol of the class—he's been idle four years."

Hobby—Greek.

Ambition—Teaching.

Favorite Subject—

Record—Math. Club 7, 8; Students' Aid 4, 6; Greek Club 7; Pres. of Greek Club 8; Discipline Squad 6.

SOLOMON, JACOB L.

"The Student Quince."

Ambition—Teaching.

Hobby—Motoring.

Record—Library Staff 7, 8; Students' Aid 5, 6; Secretary of the class 2, 3; First Aid Squad 5.



SPODEK, ISIDORE

"Spud"

"Some math-lete."

Ambition—Was the cause of Caesar's death.

Hobby—Proving Identities.

Favorite Subject—Math.

Record—President Math Club 8; Pin and Picture Committee 7, 8; Discipline Squad 8; Math. Club 6, 7, 8; Students' Aid 7, 8; Punchball Team 1, 3, 5; Basketball Team 2, 3, 5; Baseball Team 2, 6; House of Reps. 3; Sanitary Squad 5.

TEITELBAUM, SAMUEL

"Why Teachers quit young."

Ambition—To be a man.

Hobby—Singing

Record—Students' Aid, Member of Glee Club 6, 7, 8; Member of Students' Council; Ass't Business Manager of Elchanite 1; First Aid Comm. 7, 8; Temporary Discipline Squad 5, 6, 7; Discipline Squad 5, 7.

WEINBERG, MORRIS

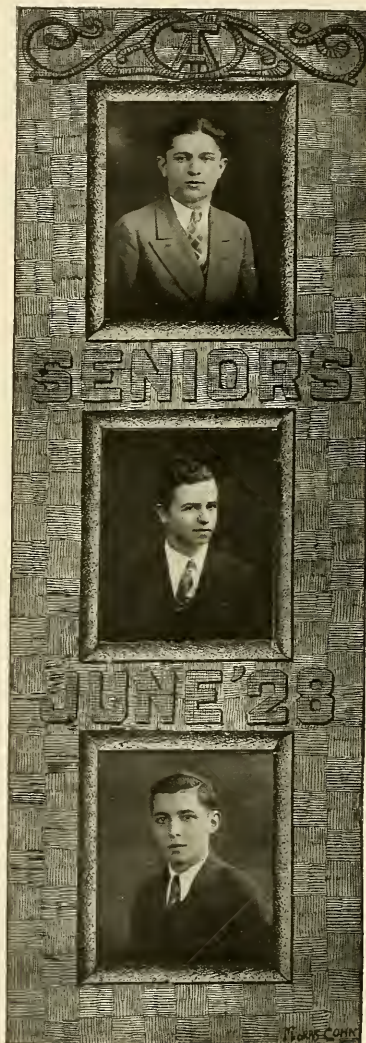
"There is something in this evolution gag after all."

Ambition—Talmudist.

Favorite Subject—Science.

Hobby—Studying Science.

Record—Students' Aid 7; Discipline Squad 8; Greek Club 7.



WEISBERGER, RALPH M.

"Nice boy—he ought to get ahead—he surely needs one."

Ambition—Medicine.

Hobby—Arguing.

Favorite Subject—German.

Record—Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Students' Aid 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8; De Witt Clinton 1, 2; Class Debator 5, 6, 7, 8; Chairman Debating Council 8; Champion Debating Team 7, 8; Discipline Squad 7, 8; Sergeant of Discipline Squad 8; Supply Store Committee 8; Library Staff 8; Associate Editor of Elchanite Staff 7, 8; House of Represent. 5, 8; Speaker 8; German Club 8; Math. Club 7, 8; Section Collector 6.

WEISS, SOLOMON

"Wise"

A "weiss" guy.

Ambition—To know others—and myself.

Hobby—Just thinking.

Favorite Subject—English.

Record—Students' Aid 7, 8; Pin and Picture Comm. 7, 8; Math. Club 7; Discipline Squad 8.

WOHL, HARRY

The "unknown soldier."

Ambition—Medicine.

Hobby—Experimentation.

Favorite Subject—Science.



ZIPPER, SIMON

"Zip."

If ignorance is bliss he's a blister.

Ambition—Knowledge.

Hobby—Studying Talmud.

Favorite Subject—Talmud.

Record—Pin and Picture Comm. 7, 8;

Math. Club 7, 8; *Discipline Squad* 7, 8;

Students' Aid 5, 8; *Glee Club* 7.



AUTOGRAPHS



CLASS OF JANUARY, 1928

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DAVID SCHIFF

Vice-President
HENRY S. KURLAND

Athletic Manager
SAMUEL YOSELOVSKY

* * *

SOLOMON J. BASHKOWITZ
ABRAHAM BOXERMAN
MORRIS F. COHN
AARON DACHOWITZ
MILTON A. DERSHOWITZ
ABRAHAM FLAXMAN
MORRIS GERSHBAUM
JACOB I. HARTSTEIN
LOUIS IZENSTEIN
JACOB M. JABLONOWITZ
PINCUS KATZOFF

SAMUEL M. KOENIGSBERG
HAROLD L. KOLATCH
SOLOMON LASKY
HUGO MANTEL
BENJAMIN MILLER
ADOLPH NADICH
ABRAHAM NECHES
PHILIP L. RUBIN
JOSEPH RUDMAN
MAX J. SIMCKES
LEON STITSKY



"Heavenly Discourse"

In a downy basement, we, the Class of June, 1928, assembled at our auspicious send-off. With ponderous dignity we seated ourselves about lusciously bedecked tables. The Kitchen Cook had exerted all his culinary genius in preparing this meal. Skeptically we expected the "fly in the ointment"—or at least in the soup. It was a meal worthy of Tut-ank-hamen. (It could not hurt him anymore.)

As for me I awaited the meal with misgivings. I had heard disconcerting rumors of unfortunate students who had been beguiled into partaking of one of the Kitchen's infamous repasts; black tales of woe of students doubled up in agony and staggering into the open air.

Below, in that horrid torture room, our cook concocted weird recipes to suit the student palate. Thus, in a steaming caldron, devilry was cooked with "black magic" for an unsuspecting June, 1928 class. And what a meal! \$*#%*p!., etc. The tea tasted like nitro-glycerine and the meat still had the saddle on it! All in all it would make Lucretia Borgia's a most vicious poisons seem like dessert. After the first bite I knew I should not have come. I took a last about me before I succumbed and saw my classmates' faces distorted with pain. The room spun around me fantastically. I seemed to weigh nothing! I just floated limply, wafted by the breeze. I rose up up, up. Puny New York sank into nothingness. My last glimpse of the city was the Woolworth Building which looked like miniature tower of Babel. I continued to soar till I could see nothing but a mass of nebulous clouds. I faintly wondered what heights I would eventually attain. Dreamily I looked about me and saw a sparkling gate of gold whose summit rose to an immeasurable height. On it was inscribed:



"This way to Heaven. Follow the green line."

At the entrance to Heaven a venerable old man with a flowing white beard stood clasping a huge "book of gold" upon which was engraved, Angel Gabriel, P. A. At first glance I knew he was averse to my entering for he was thumbing the pages of his book skeptically.

"Hum," he muttered. "Copying on your Regents, eh! Go to H—I! He dismissed me with a wave of his palm. I fleetingly glimpsed into Heaven and saw Georgie Gross, in all his angelic splendor, wander-



ing about like a "babe in the woods," while creeping along the ground at his feet was a book-worm none other than our studious Irving Ganz. I was then prodded by the trident of old Pluto himself. He was a slick individual with his red clothes like Santa Claus and his pointed tail. I realized with forbodings that Hell wouldn't be any cinch while he held the whip. I was ushered into an anteroom where I saw Moseson all hunched up in a corner and weeping as if his last friend had married.

"Tears, idle tears!" My poetical expression again won over my depleted vocabulary. "Hush up! The poor blocks on earth will think this is another Johnston flood."

Between sobs Moseson told me his sad story. The poor soul, he had always expressed his desire to visit the torrid regions—and here was his request about to be fulfilled.



"Whew, that's a hot one! You escaped easily! Dancing on red hot coals isn't so bad after you get used to it. The trick is to get used o it. What would you do if you were a cantipede? Listen here! My spine is to be stretched daily and I was never meant to be a giraffe. Imagine! Just for gyping a measly example on the Regents. You'd thing I had put one over on the Spanish Inquisition from the howl t'ey're raising," I wailed.

Suddenly voices were heard outside "Aw right! I heard you! Say—Ouch! Easy on that hair-pin, doc. That's a mean fork you wield," and in jumped Itz Levine and Hy Muss, the inseparables, leaving behind them a dreary Bomerind.

"O. K. M. N. X," we were greeted, "Listen to this one."

"You can see the whites of my eyes," I exulted.

"Well, Hy and I are to memorize the log tables because we flunked math!"

We were interrupted by the bass voice of no other personage than our own mighty Silverstein.



"Sir," announced his gruff voice, "Your proddings are entirely unessential to accelerate my motion." And in lumbered dainty Silverstein followed by Krustangle and Chernick, the inevitable triumvirate.

"Greetings of the season," I called. "And what might be your punishment, noble sirs?"

Thus spake Silverstein, yawning boredly.

"They would ram apples down my throat for bringing the forbidden fruit to school. Krusty and Chernick here will shovel coal to 'keep the home fires burning.'"

"Just then the Devil entered, exhaling flames through his nostrils."

"Here comes the fireworks," I muttered.

"You said that," he sneered as he singed me with a flame that made the juice in my bones boil.

He stepped gingerly to a shaftway and prodded each of us till we slid down a dark tunnel. After a half hour interval—and the disappearance of the seats of our trousers—we emerged into Hades itself, the "blackest midnight" of our dreams.

We looked about us in consternation. So this was Hades! The din was terrific and the heat was stifling. High above us a devil blew on a ram's horn and shouted:

"Murderers to the right, thieves to the left, and other scoundrels in the center."

Not knowing where to classify ourselves we decided upon the central route. A dazzling panorama unfurled itself before us. Here was Broadway mimicked in Hades. Huge posters announced.

"Get roasted by electricity by the Rotsem method!"

"Smoke Luckies! They're toasted."

"Murderers, have yourselves seasoned with Gulden's mustard!"

"Try our acetylene blowtorches. Excellent for shaving."

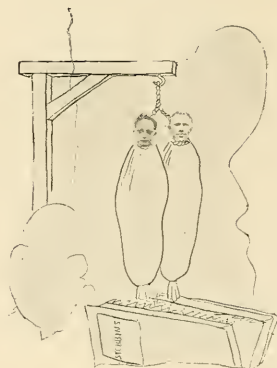


After all, Hell wasn't the disordered Hell we thought it to be. It was systematized to perfection. Each department was separately classified. We inspected the educational department first. Hanging in neat rows and roasting by degrees were students

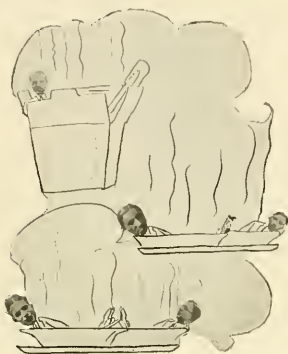
whose lot was indeed a hard one. Tied to their necks were tags marking their destinations. We reviewed them fearfully. Horrors! There were some of our own classmates hanging ever so neatly and roasting like mutton. Applebaum, Kaplowitz, Shapiro and Persky—all to be sacrificed on altars to Cicero, Euclid, Pythagoras and other notorious sages. Polskin, Penkower and Wohl were commemorated to Stebbins



—most dreadful name. The Lifschitz twins, H. and M. were being prepared for entree with Neustader and Weisberger as dessert, while Snow was to be served as Neapolitan ices to gluttonous Pascal, Faraday and Archimeds. Panic-stricken we scampered out and entered the clerical department. It was deserted save for two drooping figures.



We tiptoed over and peered at Solomon and Jacobson who were idly waiting, waiting... We slunk away sick at heart. At the exit a huge pot of water was boiling and upon it was written:



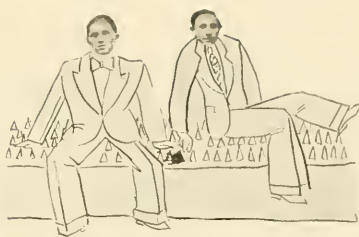
"Koenigsberg, M. is being divested of superfluous soil."

Elated we turned to a tarred and feathered individual, Koenigsberg, J., our Walter Hampden. Beside him was a mound of seething lye with Skolnik's head protruding. On an epitaph nearby was the following:

*"Here lies in lye,
For always lying,
Skolnik, the guy,
Who's always crying."*



Satisfied, as if we had solved the Cosmic Scheme, we wended our way, "'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy," as Milton claims, until we reached our starting place. Our escort, the Devil, was awaiting us impatiently.

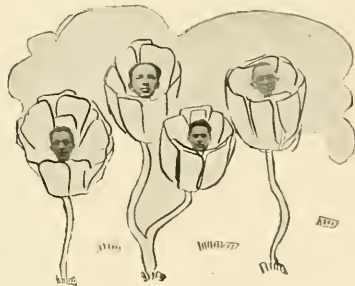


"Say there," he called out. "Who's Greenberg, A. H.?"

I stepped forward.

"You've been given a four week furlough to heaven. Come on up!"

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than we were whisked up to Heaven, Elijah-like, in a fiery cloud. Once more I gazed at the golden pillars of Heaven.



A veritable Paradise greeted me. "Life surely was worth its fee." Its immenseness appalled me. Angel Gabriel, noticing my dilemma, placed a pair of wings about my shoulders and blew me over the gates into Heaven. I flapped my wings and flew high into the air, then soared down as if I were gamboling on a prairie. On a roadside I noticed four bashful daffodils with familiar forms. I flew past them and there were Bennet, Weiss, Bertman and Berliner, the shy wall-flowers of my class. Drifting on I longed to see our virtuous classmates--Greenberg, B., Lipman, Bresler, Feldman,



Rubel, and Kaminetsky. From a distance I heard the strains of "If I had the wings of an angel...." That familiar tune drew me on until I saw the quintet I sought chanting to the accompaniment of harps. I espied Spodek, our promising Euclid, seated beneath a shady tree trying to find the *n*th dimension barehanded! My class! These handful of fellows! Boys just yesterday, men to-day and aged tomorrow.



But what is that? A rent in Heaven's portals! They are cracking! Crumbling! Chaos! Trumpets rend the air with terrific blasts! Strains of delicate music piercing the din... Sparkling light everywhere.... Elijah standing scepter in hand.... Isaiah chanting:

"... shall cause his glorious voice to be heard... with the indignation of his anger, and with the flame of a devouring fire, with crashing and trumpets...."

Judgment day had come!





Since its origin the Yeshiva has suggested an embryonic ideal ready to sprout out into full bloom. Its organizations have never been ignored—its institutions always adhered to. The tendency has been to revive old customs and to imbue them with a new vitality. And to these pioneers, whose indomitable spirit still urges us on, all praise is due. They have set an enviable precedent for us to keep pace with, and lest we slacken our stride let us organize new clubs, foster the newly-formed ones, and continue our old ideals.

The clubs have been organized under divers forms. Some aim to propagate interest in a language, in culture. Others aim to provide amusement for the school and to stimulate interest in current topics. Mr. Rakowitz and Mr. Schwartzbach have performed notably well in this new practice.

As a diversion from our studies these are excellent opportunities. Why not take advantage of these new activities? An example of increased scholastic interests are the elections. Competition has been so keen and vigorous during the elections one would expect the school's interest to continue throughout the semester. However, our stimuli very often do not outlast the electrifying. The elections are not merely a polling of votes; they mean co-operation. The executives cannot provide ample bene-

fits for you if you are indifferent to your own welfare. You are often skeptical of the school's scholastic worthiness, but the fault lies mainly with you. We have a library, debates, sports, clubs—can you ask more of a school of our proportions? We offer you everything—you partake of little. The executives alone cannot continue activities. One cannot govern without the governed.

Students, you have a wide field of activities before you. In our new building you will have the opportunity for more extensive attractions. Carry over our organizations as a foundation and erect "bigger and better" ones. Only by upkeeping the old ones can new ones be evolved. They can be improved, indeed! But only a keener interest can do that. The General Organization represents you, and your benefits are its interests. Improve it and you will better your own condition. Why lag behind?

Mediums have been conceived of to stimulate your interest. Money has not been denied you. The General Organization does not hoard its treasury. It is open to the use of the school.

The General Organization has undergone a startling change with the advent of our new faculty advisor, Mr. Efron. He has imbued new life into our organizations and we predict a brighter future for the organizations to come.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

FALL TERM



Seated (left to right) Irving Levine, *Editor*; Samuel M. Koenigsberg, *President*;
Abraham Neches, *Vice-President*.
Standing (left to right) Irving Ganz, *Librarian*; Martin Goldstein, *Athletic Manager*;
Louis Rubel, *Secretary*.

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SPRING TERM



Seated (left to right) Feinerman, B. Kaplowitz, M. Persky, *Chief Librarian*;
R. M. Weisberger, S. Moseson, I. Levine, S. Persky, Feldman.

DEBATING COUNCIL

SPRING TERM



... Seated (*left to right*) M. Englestein, A. Jacobson, S. Lipman,
 R. M. Weisberger, Chairman, G. E. Gross, E. Faine, J. Kartzinel.
 Standing, middle row (*left to right*) Lipman, Neustein, Nathanson, Frank, Gross,
 Gordin, Skidelsky, Genauer, Margolis.
 ... Standing, last row (*left to right*) Kramer, Levy, M. Finer, Meislik, Gorrclick
 B. Greenberg, B. Berman, Itzkowitz.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

FALL TERM



Seated (left to right) M. Goldstein, *Athletic Manager*; L. J. Rubel, *Secretary*;
S. Koenisberg, *Pres.*; I. Levine, *Editor*; I. Ganz, *Librarian*; S. Lasky, *S'g't at Arms*...
Standing (second row) S. Karper, C. Friedland, H. Kurland, J. Koenisberg, M. Finer,
N. Ofsewitz, S. Tropper, A. Pollack.
(Third row) J. Katz, J. Kartzincl, M. Levin, C. Kaplan, M. Penkower, J. Lefkowitz.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

SPRING TERM



Seated (left to right) Hyman Lifschitz, Vice-President; Irving Levine, Editor;
Hyman Muss, President.
Standing (left to right) Samuel Bresler, Sec'y; A. Herbert Greenberg, Athletic M'g'r;
Maurice Persky, Librarian.

STUDENTS COUNCIL

SPRING TERM



Standing, top row (*left to right*) I. Levy, A. Pollack, N. Goller, G. Feinman,
J. Cutler, J. Kartzinel.

Standing, middle row (*left to right*) I. Kravitz, N. Tropper, C. Friedland, H.B. Cohen,
S. Lefkowitz, L. Meislik, B. Greenberg, B. Kaplowitz.

Seated (*left to right*) I. Levine, H. Lifschitz, H. Muss, S. Bresler,
A. H. Greenberg, M. Persky.

DISCIPLINE SQUAD

SPRING TERM



Seated (from left to right) M. Lifshitz; J. Koenigsberg, *Sergeant*; M. Goldstein, *S'g'i*;
H. Lifshitz, *Chairman*; H. B. Cohen, *Captain*; E. Neustadter, *Lieutenant*;
M. Penkower, *Sergeant*.

Standing (from left to right) S. Skolnick, S. Lipman, H. Luloff, B. Berman,
M. Eskowitz, B. Greenberg, M. Feldman, B. Kaplowitz, W. Youner.

Standing (from left to right, last row) N. Revel, J. Kaminetsky, Polack, S. Persky,
S. Moseson, L. Meislik, J. Katchen, L. J. Rubel, H. Faine

Others -- R. M. Weisberger, *Sergeant*.

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Seated (left to right) L. J. Rubel, M. Goldstein, H. B. Cohen,
A. H. Greenberg, Athletic Manager; B. Berman.
Standing (left to right) Shain, Kartzinel, Mann, Pecker, Gottlieb,
B. Kaplowitz, Willig.

G. O. NEWS STAFF



Seated (left to right) I. Ganz, S. Lasky, G. E. Gross, *Editor*; M. Penkower.
Standing (left to right) H. B. Cohen, J. Dolgin, J. Katz, J. Ostrow.

The Ancients

GEORGE E. GROSS, '28

He stands there, the bearded sage,
His head erect, his eyes aflame,
With a fire that forever burns,
He stands there, a memorial to time,
A sculptured image, a mould of lime,
His is a burdened soul and a heart
that yearns.

A remnant of a trodden race,
The breathing spirit of a living corpse,
As he stands proud, a bearded sage,
His gaze steadfast—he defies—
His eyes aflame—and he cries
"My hope is GOD, my strength is Faith."

A youth stands beside this patriarch
Of centuries and years, his eyes flare
With that same fire as of the sage.
The youth of the young was in the old,
And the youth of the old was in the young.
Time cannot efface them, nor can they
die with age

But—how long shall these two remain,
These "accursed two," both shunned by
man?

Cannot these figures be swept away
like lime,
Are they unconquerable, immune to death?
Descend upon them, destroy their breath.
But how can you destroy, when they
have conquered time?

They stand there, the youth, the sage,
Their heads upright, their eyes aflame
With that fire which they shall never lose,
Their figures erect, not images of lime,
Sculptured images, memorials to time,
They stand there, two eternal JEWS.



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School is "over"! With how profound a feeling of relief does the student, upon the conclusion of the term, bethink himself of this outstanding fact—school is "over"! In his eyes, he is a most fortunate individual, who, having been compelled to trudge along under the burdens of school routine, has finally reached that point where he is allowed to dispose of them. Intermingled with this feeling of relief is a sense of pride. For the moment he regards himself as a distinctive individual among those around him; for what good fortune of theirs is comparable to that which he has now attained? True, he may be mistaken in this attitude, for Life is after all so large and complex, that the end of a High School term is merely an insignificant event in one's life. But one must realize that the student has not yet become acquainted with the intricacies of life in its broad, practical sense; his ideas are yet limited to the four walls of the class-room, and it is by his achievements within this sphere that he estimates his progress.

Leaving behind his school-cares, the student turns to his plans for the coming summer months. Now that the opportunity for a bit of recreation is offered him, the Yeshivah student, who spends practically nine hours each day in school, is going to use it to full advantage. Whether he in-

tends to spend his summer in leisure, or whether at a "job", the fact remains that it will be a desirable change from the tedious order of periods and trooping every forty-five minutes from room to room with an onerous number of books under his arm. Such a desire for a change does not at all imply any loathsomeness on his part for school and studies; for relaxation is essential in any laborious pursuit, mental as well as physical. The efficient mind, in order to remain so, must continually be granted periods of rest wherewith it may gather new bits of vigor into its recesses. It is a veritable piece of machinery which must be oiled now and then. Thus, when the student closes his books at the end of the semester, it is not with a feeling of disgust, but rather of exhaustion; it is out of the realization that he must look to new fields to regain that mental energy, lost through the six-months' process of draining upon the mind.

The end of the term brings along an invaluable lesson to the student, one of more significance than those he has mastered in the various subjects; it is a lesson which teaches him of life itself, its obstacles, and which instills in him sufficient conviction to pursue his career unflinching, with the feeling that he will ultimately attain his coveted goal. Looking back, at the com-

pletion of the term, upon his experiences in his high school career up until that point, he realizes that not always were his prospects of an encouraging nature; many a time did the assurance of mastering his course-requirements give way to despair. But he did not balk, and his persistency finally carried him through. And when the student steps out into the world, he carries with him these reminiscences in the form of a moral lesson, which constantly reminds him that all ill-meaning events in his life do not necessarily mean his downfall. Just a bit of courage—a bit of patience, and the battle will be won.

At last! We greet the majestic center of cultural learning, the Yeshivah College, with a quickening heart-beat and hopes of far-reaching effects. And, in truth, there is ample reason for this.

The Yeshivah means for college students what the Yeshivah High-School has meant to High School students—only in a stronger sense. When many Europeans came to this country a short time ago, they were used to conditions favorable to a diligent pursuit of Jewish studies. Here, however, they found many conflicting interests—in Elementary High Schools which had to be attended no matter what else was done; the fast-moving social age. As is natural, these conditions were exaggerated, and they thought it impossible for secular and religious studies to be pursued side by side. The Yeshivah, however, refuted this. It represented an institution where secular activities could be studied in a Jewish background. The Yeshivah College further and more strongly refutes it; for it expands as the Jewish background all the way through college. No longer is it necessary to beg to be excused from Friday night or holiday classes, to attend night college for seven years before receiving a recognized degree. This new institution is a college built by Jews, of and for Jews. As such it represents a high peak in our history.

Yet, who can say that this Yeshivah College is the last step? The future may yet see other such colleges scattered through the country—all irrefutable proofs that, notwithstanding the contrary surroundings, there can yet be found in the New World—that unquestionable spirit of orthodox Judaism which has existed through ages and is sure to exist through coming years.

News reaches us, thru the current issues of the newspapers, of important changes being made in American colleges today. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, recently published an article in which he described the reforms to be made in the curriculum of his own school. Subjects which heretofore were limited in scope of field have now been broadened in view and material. Studies which previously have been mostly proscribed have now been made—in great majority—selective. A fine example of this new type of Survey Subjects is the study of Contemporary Civilization. This subject is an analysis of the creeds of the Universe—of their customs and faiths, of their histories and environments. Never has a subject of such universal interest been offered in the curricula of American Universities. Great educators take hand in praising this new form of modernized education. The change in policy offers to the students a brilliant opportunity to select their own studies and pursue them according to their individual desire—to change from the old system of college education.

We take part, indeed, in laudation of the adoption of this selective policy. The purpose of this editorial shall have been partly fulfilled if we have conveyed the idea that our sympathy lies with modern educators who adopt curricula of modern colleges to modern students. But, with regret, we must point to these same institutions who endeavor to abide by a broad and unbiased policy, and call their attention to one unpleasant fact.

Scanning the list of the new "Survey Curriculum", we did not find one which was directly associated with Hebrew Culture. The history of the Jewish people was entirely disregarded in spite of the fact that courses such as History of the Russians, the Mohammedans, and the Turks were listed. This non-Jewish influence which pervades the curricula of our colleges mars the fair reputation which they have achieved for liberal-mindedness, freedom of thought, and modernity. For, what race existing during the 20th century has surpassed the Jewish nation in contributions towards the world's culture? What history studied in any college outshines that of the Jews, in color, in importance, and in interest? What Literature on earth is more sublime than the books of the Hebrew Prophets? What code of Laws invented by man bears the practical wisdom of our Own? WE merely repeat that which has been universally proclaimed when we reply—None.

And yet, the institutions of today, declared to be so modern and unprejudiced, have neglected to consider Hebrew subjects as important and live members of a modern college curriculum.

We make no bones about the matter; we ask no quarrels. We simply ask—Why?

As this issue of the Elchanite leaves our hands the Staff sits back and contemplates its many tribulations in composing this magazine. Whatever we have accomplished, we realize and appreciate, has been made possible by the invaluable assistance of the Faculty. We, under their guidance, have given our best; we hope it will be received favorably.

The Editors of this term's Elchanite express their best wishes to future editors, and hope they will uphold the standard we have tried to live up to. May their best be worthy of the Yeshiva.



Queer Persons I Have Met

CHARLES HIRSHFELD, '29

One of the queerest persons I have known was Archer Carlson. He was queer any way you looked at him. He was built queerly: tall, with very rounded shoulders that made his neck appear twice as long, and rather savage looking with his dried mop of hair. His actions were queer, he always kept his own counsel and resented the least bit of companionship. Any advances on the part of the students were warded off in a way that tacitly implied that they had better not repeat. Yet I would have liked to see Carlson aroused. Perhaps fighting would have fanned the smoldering spark of life to some degree of human warmth within him. But the boys had no wish to go beyond the offering of friendship. Yet sometimes, I doubted

whether Archer would ever fight. He seemed like a coward and acted as one. His eyes seemed to bear me out. They were small and glassy, almost without color. Their dullness was almost terrifying and had the desired effect of dampening any enthusiastic advances of companionship. He seemed devoid of any feeling and his sole wish was to be left alone. Only I, of all the boys, perversely insisted that there must be some feeling in him; that there must be an iota of craving for human intercourse in his makeup. But during his stay here, he was as unapproachable as ever and held communion with nobody, perhaps except his own soul, God pity it. He was queer.

I guess Mrs. Gildersleeve might also be classed as queer. She was the woman who

lived in the ancient, disgustingly dirty house situated right below the falls. She always invited my friends and me down to her house and would shake her head in angry annoyance and mumble, "That's bad, that's bad," if we preferred a cleaner environment to hers. Yet, many a time, we were drawn to the place by the lure of her fantastic tales.

Everytime we came in, she would sharply order her third husband, a negro, out of the place, so as to sort of purge the atmosphere of his fetid presence. She tried to make us comfortable before she began her

tale. Then, after seating herself in the rocking chair against the stove, she would break off and laugh most raucously, her hairy chin doubling up and trembling, her mouth open, revealing her white toothless gums. And at times, she would suddenly doze off, and awake a few minutes later. And so, she would finish the story with intermittent disturbances of laughs and dozes. Then, we would all make a rush for fresh air and leave her slouched in the rocker, her head nodding, in the midst of a nap.



A Legend of the Norsemen

A. HERBERT GREENBERG, '28

Bluff Sven Olsen swaggered about the poop of his tiny graceful vessel. Below him sweating, dusky men moved back and forth, their bulging muscles tautening under the strain. Ahead of him and behind was a vast expanse of water. All about him stretched a calm and glassy sea.

Sven Olsen was eager. This was not the first time that he was eager, for he derived more enjoyment out of expectancy than out of victory. With the same daring that had characterized his forbears he had set sail for uncharted waters and unknown lands. A week had elapsed since he had out toward the distant horizon. A brisk wind had blown the ship, with its swan's head at the prow, till the harbor, with its chattering people and stationed ships, were now just a faint reminder of land and, to the crew, safety. Sven Olsen had no fear of the sea. Its fickle tides and winds were pranks that had to be endured like the whims of a giant. Underneath the surface a poignant spirit rippled that could be subdued by oaths and, as a last resort, by conjuring up all the ne-

romancy of his predecessors.

"Row! Row, ye laggards! Just ahead lies the honeyed land!" Sven chanted as the oarlocks creaked and the water dripped off the uplifted paddles.

Another uneventful week passed and Sven's forehead became puckered with concern. First the food supply was dwindling and, secondly, Sven could feel in his bones the approach of a storm. The ship must find a heaven soon, for he knew the tranquil sea was just the forerunner of a storm. Had not gulls been flying past in flocks? And had he not seen sharks slash the water with their black awesome fins as they shot past the ship? But Sven still had his mission ahead of him and he would not return empty handed.

For it was no peaceful mission that Sven had undertaken. He had heard tales of a fabulously rich island South of his native land. Besides, the daring Sven had wearied of gliding endlessly along familiar coastlines. Indeed, it was no peace offering that Sven had on board, for, stowed

under heavy tarpaulins were swords and armor that had been carefully selected before the journey had started. The vagueness of the plan added zest to Sven's anticipations, and he dreamt of golden towers with beautiful women on balconies.

A slight breeze sprang up! The sails were spread and the ship sped along as it pursued by foe. All that day and well into the next, the bow dipped in and out of the choppy ocean till the swam assumed the grotesque air of a bird with green plumage. Then far off to the north a black mist crept closer and closer. They had barely time to fasten things down when the gale was upon them. It seemed as if the foe had overtaken the boat and, with the roaring wind, was bent upon tearing the vessel apart. However, Sven had carefully inspected every plank and jib and they lived up to all of Sven's expectations. The tiny ship was tossed about upon the tempestuous sea; now being swamped by a gigantic wave and now riding on the crest of one, like a feather. The gale lasted a day and a night. To Sven it seemed everlasting. Throughout he had not left the wheel; steeling his muscles to right the ship.

The next morning the sun smiled benignly upon a weary and haggard Sven with just a tiny spark of defiance flickering in him. He drank long draughts of water and then tramped off to his raised quarters. He slumped into his bed and slept deeply and soundly . . .

A few of the crew had been swept overboard, their shrieks of terror rising above the howling of the gale. A swish of a black fin, a smudge of red, and the black sea engulfed another victim. Sven knew its slyness. It would be calm and peaceful; then it would seethe and become black, and would toss its slimy body like an angry serpent. Or it would lash in great upheavals of volcanic waves. It would growl and clutch like a savage lion. It had fury in it too, Sven knew. He had often seen it

glowing in the curve of a wave uplifted like a sword—ready to slash and rend. The ocean was wise when it was calm, with the wisdom of age and impassiveness. But it was cunning when it became angry, with all the fiery vigor of enormous strength hidden within it. It would gurgle when it lay still but it would laugh and sneer when it became angry. There were so much hysteria and derisiveness in its blacker moods. Sven knew its moods and acknowledged them as the wiles of an enemy that had to be soothed.

Sven was awakened from his slumbers by an excited lookout. He sat up heavily and blinked stupidly about him. It was queer that the storm should have abated. It had seemed so everlasting! But why was the fool gesticulating so much? He rubbed his eyes and followed his man's gaze. Not more than a quarter of a league away he could see enticing trees and fields. In a moment he was among his men, giving curt orders to row for shore and to prepare the armor. The food supply was exhausted and Sven knew he must land. The boat glided towards the shore like a stately swan.

As the boat neared the shore a huge crowd was gathering and were awaiting the ship's arrival. Sven peered among the people to judge their strength. But he noticed no weapons and the people did not seem to resent his arrival. This was indeed a queer reception for swashbuckling Sven. Skeptical, he ordered his men to don their armor in case of any hostility. Boisterously they landed and with drawn spears they clambered out of the shallow water. The onlookers had not spoken nor did they seem to breathe. Agape, they watched the newcomers approach with drawn arms. And then, as one, they bowed and bade Sven and his men welcome. Sven was taken aback by their hospitality. However, his surprise was soon dispelled by resentment.

"The cringing dogs," he muttered, "robbing me of my sport."

Blusteringly and domineeringly Sven called for their king. They smiled wanly. Sven felt the hair on the nape of his neck bristle. Were they mad? Then a tall young lady stepped out of the throng and addressed Sven:

"Welcome, Stranger! You ask for our king? We have none for we are content to abide by our own love for each other. Are ye hungry? Come and ye shall eat your fill."

Sven felt a surge of shame pass over him. He looked at his hostess and then at the keen blade he clutched in his hand. Narcissus was grace and kindness and his blade was a tongue of flame. He sheathed his sword and answered gruffly.

"My men are hungry for our journey has been long. We are fighting men and what we seek we take." . . .

That night Sven and his men ate gluttonously and drank wine out of flagons till it dripped over their greasy chops and down their necks. All that day they had invaded houses and routed the masters. They looted and sang, mistaking "passive resistance" for submission. The victims' meekness had taken the keenness out of Sven's conquests and he felt an involuntary revulsion pass over him. He envied the settlers with their peaceful groves and vineyards. Their peacefulness had seemed sanctified and his men had polluted it. Now they were in the "gathering hall," unheeding Narcissus' warning. "Do not enter the "agora," she had said, "for it is cursed."

But Sven must still pretend to be a swash buckler lest his men's fear of him lessen. He drank with his men but his mind was among the trampled groves and vineyards. Why had these strange people not resisted? His mind was pained by the thought of the looted homes. He looked about him. His

men were sleeping; their flagons dripping red blotches over their grimy clothes. He had sickened of it all! Narcissus troubled him. She was like the calm sea he knew, only more graceful. He cursed his men as they filled the massive hall with their ponderous slumbers. The walls still rung with his men's profane raucous laughter.

Sven dashed out of the hall, hating his men with all the fierceness of this heart. Out in the open he sought the stars that had always guided him. Instead of guidance he found reproach. Their twinkles, however, were frosted now as they chided him.

Out of the stillness Sven heard a cracking which increased to a rumble and then a crash. The hall had crumbled! And his men were in there with their overturned flagons and their dulled brains . . .

The following days and weeks were like a nightmare for Sven. Narcissus had evaded him and had scorned him with her troubled eyes. It seemed as if a chilled breeze had blown across her peacefulness. Try as might, Sven could not help but blend his own emotions with the tranquility of his environment.

One day, as Sven passed through the streets, he was struck by a stone. He looked upwards and saw a man standing on a roof and cursing him with fiery passion. Sven felt strength surge through his body like a gigantic wave, but he shook it off sadly. He stood stock still while the blood dripped off his dank hair. He had not been angry so long and it was already alien to him . . .

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently and turned to go when he heard his name called softly. A bright smile flittered across his face, for there framed in her ivy-covered lattice, was the beckoning Narcissus . . .



Mysteries

By GEORGE E. GROSS, '28

I

The silent night crept down upon the heath. The sun had long since set in the west, throwing its myriad beams against the fiery skies. Now the darkness enveloped the log abode in the center of the field. As silently as the darkness crept along, a man advanced toward the dense underwood. His eyes bulged out, glistening as if possessed of phosphorescent elements. Kneeling down in the wilderness of rushes, he uttered a prayer to the heavens; an incoherent prayer—"Oh, GOD ———". Anxiously he awaited a reply,—an answer in the form of a hurtling star, or a lightning-pierced sky. But it did not come. His prayer reached the thick wall of rushes and sent back a sonorous echo. That was the end. The man returned to the hut as silently as he had come. With staggering steps he entered. The door closed. The darkness covered it up.

II

A youth emerged from the farther end of the stalks and scratched his head in consternation. The lad's countenance lit up into a thoughtful smile, and then he burst forth into a guffawing, boisterous laugh. "The lunatic, the lunatic," he cried, as he hurled stones through the apertures in the hut. Suddenly, the door opened; the figure of the madman appeared upon the threshold. The lad continued to throw stones. One struck the victim in the pit of the stomach. He reeled back and shut the door. From a distance he heard a mocking laugh.

The boy decided upon an ingenious plan—he would cause the village to flare up. He wheeled about, ran down the winding slope, and into the village, all the time

crying in frightful voice, "The sorcerer, the sorcerer".

III

Herr Andreas was counting the day's receipts. The tinkling of the coins sounded irresistible music in his ears. Herr Andreas was the proprietor of the village Cafe. This occupation had in the course of thirty years netted him a tidy fortune. He, however, did not enjoy this as a fortune should be enjoyed. He was a miser, a hoarder of gold, a lustful worshipper at the shrine of wealth. The days which he should have spent in finding pleasure with his wealth, he spent in watching it. Andreas loved life. He clung to it, as a hungry child to its mother's breast. Often he would visualize death. But a sort of feverish fear always overcame him. He shrank back and prayed. And his prayer was answered, for instead of the ghost-like vision of death, the cheery light of life would present itself.

A sudden noise alarmed Andreas. Hurriedly hiding his wealth, he opened the door. The youth raced in, his face was flushed from exertion, his hair disheveled from the wind. "The sorcerer," he gasped. In a little while he told his tale.

"I had wandered up the slope during the late afternoon. Soon the sun went down, and the darkness surrounded me. I decided to spend the night there. Then an eerie sight rooted me to the spot. A frightful being crept up into the rushes. It knelt and whispered strange words. Figures rose up from the earth—figures clad in creepy colors—white and black. At last, I was able to move. As if by intervention of Providence, and guided by an animal instinct, I found the slope; I ran

down and into the village. And I stopped at Andreas'."

The lad's purpose was effected. Andreas' face grew livid. Superstition was at that time prevalent in Germany. Sorcery was a dreaded evil. It was, therefore, natural that Andreas should accept the lad's tale as gospel truth. He placed one hand upon his hot temples—the other upon the box that held the gold, all the time whispering, "The Sorcerer".

IV

The news of the lad's adventure soon reached every ear in the village. With the tale there came a feeling of innermost fear. Some doubted the truth of the story, and scoffed at it as exaggerated—but they too were really afraid. On each one's lips was the consolation, "The days of Sorcery are passed," but within their souls there lingered a secret fear. They accepted this being on top of the slope as a looming menace, an oppressor of their personal freedom. An old woman who lived at the edge of the village hid in her attic—she was afraid of this demon who meant but one thing—Death. Thru constant anxiety her fear became reality. She was found dead two days later. The medical man ascribed the death to a sudden shock. The natives, however, were of different opinion. The inhabitant of the hill had already scattered his seeds of destruction. A frail heart had merely succumbed to his evil withcraft. And so the natives lived under a cloak of apprehension.

V

In the shadow of the still night, a man crept out of the hut upon the heath towards the rushes. It was the lunatic. He knelt and repeated his evening prayer. Then he arose and returned to the hut. Half-way across to his destination, he stopped, stunned and fell. A rock had struck him

square upon the temple, making a great, open gash from which torrents of blood flowed forth.

The youth appeared upon the scene. He had emerged from his hiding place in the rushes, and came forward to the fallen man. His features betrayed his fright as he turned about fiercely, and fled down the slope into the village. This time, he did not stop at Andreas', but went directly home. To himself he whispered—"I have killed the lunatic."

VI

Herr Andreas lay in a state of stifling fever. His cheeks were drawn in until they resembled hollow cavities—his eyes looking lifeless and glossy. His mouth twisted in the anguish of unbearable pain. The man stood a short distance from the door of death. It opened slowly, quietly, with each inch sucking out the last breaths of life.

A group of natives were collected around the bedside. Among them stood the youth. The other approached the dying man. Andreas, however, did not remove his gaze from the youth. He was too weak to speak. With his hand, he beckoned. The youth stood over Andreas, while he whispered, "He has the gold". The natives stood astonished. Only the youth understood the dying man's words. The door of death opened for Andreas to pass through.

VII

The natives climbed the slope. No doubt was left in their minds, but that the evil being on the hill was responsible for the tragedies below. They were fully armed with pickets, prepared to kill him at sight. Having arrived at the hill-top they entered upon the heath. There a dreadful scene confronted them. An emaciated body of a man lay upon the ground—a deep gash upon the forehead. Their task was already

completed. They buried the corpse in the heath. Over the grave they left a wooden slab as a burial mark. It read, "An evil spirit who lured away the souls of men, and submitted them to physical anguish, and who was, in punishment, submitted to the same agonies, lies buried here." The natives returned to the village. The heath remained for all times a haunted place of which fearful fables were composed, and not until a generation afterwards, did one set foot upon it again.

EPILOGUE

The youth had shrunk into the dark pit of old age, and now lay on his deathbed. The medical men could not trace his disease. Some ascribed it to the heart; others, to a mental disorder. But the sick man himself knew his ailment. For years he had been the victim of a gnawing conscience. The daily vision of three dead people had bitten at his soul, until he could feel the anguish of his pain. His nerves shattered, he submitted to his recollections, and was tortured in his guilt. Weakly he told his story to the gathered folk about him.

He had learnt that Herr Andreas had a fortune. It would be an easy matter for him to acquire it, he thought. Soon enough, he learnt of the hiding place of Andreas' wealth.

In a short time, he had removed the bags of gold, and retreated to the heath

to hide them in the rushes. Then, as he hid the gold upon the heath, an ingenious plan suggested itself to him. He would in the case of an exposure, fasten the guilt upon the lunatic who occupied the heath. With this intention, he ran excitedly back to the village, spreading the alarm, crying, "The Sorcerer, the Sorcerer". At the same time as the news that an evil character dwelled near the village, came the deaths of a number of natives. The invalid could easily remember two; the old woman who had died of fright, and Andreas, who had lost all strength when he had learnt of the theft of his gold.

A few nights had passed. The lad had returned to the heath, for his stolen treasure just as the lunatic was entering the rushes. He had seen him stoop over the gold, and muttered something inaudible. Overcome with fright, he had pointed the jagged edge of the rock toward the man and struck. Realizing that he had killed the lunatic, he fled back to the village, and there awaited the discovery.

The old man rested his head upon the pillow. Death tightened its grip upon him. He was relieved of his weighty secret as his eyes closed forever.

To verify the dead man's story, a search was made for the bags of gold. They were found concealed in the thick underwoods of the heath. Superstition had allowed him to play his evil game.



Realization

By MAURICE PERSKY, '28

Down on the East Side, in a dark, overcrowded tenement house, lived a middle aged widow and her son, Joie. All day long she toiled to keep her son, a mere child, and herself from the poorhouse.

Less than a score of years ago the gray-haired widow had lived in Russia together with her husband. After a number of years of happy marital life she had borne him her only child—a boy. However, her joy had not lasted long, for her husband had soon fallen sick and died, leaving her destitute with the infant. Unable to support her baby and herself, she had sold her few belongings and migrated to America.

The first few years had been trying ones. Time and again she had thought of ending the one-sided struggle, but the picture of her son's spending his youth in a "Home", forced her to work for his bread and board, had mitigated all her sufferings. With redoubled strength she had turned to her task of providing for them both.

She had found work in a sweat shop, operating a sewing machine. With her meager salary she had managed, by painful stinging, to rent a dingy, two-room apartment in a dilapidated tenement house, and to minister to Joie's wants. Often she had denied herself her little share of food uncomplainingly to satisfy his childish demands.

With a motherly pride she cared and watched over him as he grew older.

Joie, however, did not reciprocate her kindness. Perhaps he was selfish, perhaps he new no better; but whatever the reason, he failed to appreciate his mother's sacrifices.

Once, after a tiresome day at the machine with only the vision of a soft comfortable bed at home strengthening her weary limbs,

she entered their room, only to find Joie lying on the bed, crying pitifully. That day had been his first in school; and, remembering this, she feared that something had gone wrong.

"What's the matter, dear?" she faltered.

"I'm not going to school any more—that's what——" came from the depths of the pillow.

"W——Why not?"

She was on her knees now, expecting to find the marks of the teacher's rule or the bruises of a boy's fists on his face or arms.

"C—Cause all the b—boys and g—girls g—go dressed so nice a—and I—go around like a—a poor boy. I—I'm not going any more t—till I g—get nice c—clothes too."

She was relieved, yet troubled. She tried to comfort him.

"There, there, dear," she said soothingly. "Don't cry. Everything will come out all right. When you grow up you'll be a great, rich millionaire with everything you want—big automobiles and—and nice new clothes, too. But now we are so . . ."

She stopped and bit her lip, fearing that she had offended him.

"Yes, and you'll have a lot of money," she added quickly to cover her error. "And a big, beautiful house, and you'll be able to buy everything. But—how can I buy you . . ."

Again she checked herself just in time, realizing that she had blundered once more.

In silence, not trusting herself to speak, she consoled him. But he refused to be comforted—he wanted "nice clothes".

Suddenly she realized that it was late—that she had not rested her aching body.

She would never get up in time for her work, she thought, and that would mean losing her job. She was desperate . . . !

"All right, Joie," she weakly surrendered, "Stop crying. Yes; I—I I'll buy you nice clothes to-morrow—if you'll go to sleep now!"

Tearfully she rocked him to sleep.

Slowly, fumblingly, she prepared for bed. Sleep, however, was an impossibility. She could not help thinking of how many suppers she would have to forego to fulfill her promise, of how much privation and misery she would have to endure. Doubtless she would have to give up the different articles that graced and distinguished her Sabbath table. She might even be compelled to stop buying any more coal for the little stove and that would mean cold days and bleak, cheerless evenings. A deep sigh escaped her quivering lips; wiping her tear-stained eyes and wet cheeks on the pillow, she resolutely banished all troubling thoughts from her mind and dreamed of happier times.

This incident was but an instance of many similar ones that occurred frequently. When she asked him to go to the store for her, he refused, saying he was busy. But no sooner did he hear his friend's hail from the street than he dropped his work and without a word, went out to join him.

His mother, however, did not take these little acts of forgetfulness to heart, and if she did she neither mentioned them nor upbraided him. For she was happy in her certainty that her son would some day be a credit, not only to his mother but his country as well—yes, even to mankind.

Joie was now in his thirteenth year. But a short time ago he had been confirmed according to Jewish custom. Soon he would be graduated from the elementary school, for he was now in his last year and doing well. He would emerge a full-fledged high-

school boy and his mother doubly happy.

There was yet another reason for her happiness. Her Joie was no longer a child. On the contrary, he was intelligent for his youth. He would realize that his mother could no longer continue to support them both unaided. Misfortune and hardship had left their traces, and she was old—old before her time. He certainly must have noticed this and he would understand that the completion of his primary school studies must mean the end of his education—for a time at least. He would see to it that the burden which had hitherto rested entirely upon her worn, drooping shoulders, would shift to his own manly ones before misfortune overtook her. With suppressed joy in her heart, she awaited the day that would set him free from his studies.

The long-awaited day came at last! No mother was ever as happy and proud as she was as she dressed him carefully for the occasion in his "holiday suit". She was young again, forgetting everything—herself, her hopes and her fears—in the joy of the moment. A mother's tears never flowed more freely than hers when her son, in youthful joy, ascended the platform and received his diploma.

And yet, when it was all over and they had returned to what they called their home; after she carefully hinted to her son that he would have to give up his studies—for it was impossible for her to provide for them both now that she was getting old and weak—it seems to her that her boundless joy of the day just gone by was but a dream, a fancy of her imagination, no doubt.

For no sooner did Joie hear of her demand than he flew into a rage. His success in public school had raised his boyish vanity to such a degree that he, the mere child, could not find any fault with himself. I seemed to him that he was being treated as no other boy had ever been

treated before—his mother was intending to harm and spoil his chances. He had great chances. Wasn't he the smartest boy in his class? Unable to restrain himself any longer he threw himself upon the bed weeping hysterically.

She argued, she pleaded, she begged, and then she too gave vent to her pent-up emotions—she wept—not the plaintive wail of one in physical pain, but the pleading of one who has been misjudged; the cry that unburdens the grieved soul and gives one courage to face the world at any odds—but all in vain. Her son did not, could not, realize all his mother's sacrifices for him.

She was old again. How lonely, how pitiful, how forlorn and helpless she was! Something, she dared not guess what, had eluded her, was slipping past her slowly even now, and she didn't even care to bother herself to stop it.

Joie continued his studies. All his interests and hopes were centered in his work and his friends. Home was but a place where he might eat and sleep without cost, and mother was just an "old lady" to be tolerated. And the "old lady", struggling desperately, attempted to make both ends meet.

Joseph was on his way home. He had just received his degree at the university, and had decided to surprise his mother with the good news when she returned from work. Approaching their poor abode, he noticed a crowd of women talking excitedly in front of the home. Out of the incoherent babble he was finally able to piece together enough to understand that a woman whose son was too lazy to support her, had collapsed while at work and had been brought here to her home...

"What!" he cried more to himself than to any one else. An old woman—a grown

up son... might it not be his own mother!

Without waiting to hear more, he hurried up the stairs, and, with a trembling hand, opened the door of her room. There lay his mother—her face ghastly in the dim light.

"Mother!" he cried, rushing to her side, "Mother, what's the matter? I'm here, your Joie! See, I have my diploma! Look!"

"Yes, I see," came the faint voice of his mother, as she looked sorrowfully at him. "But listen, dear, be a good boy. Take good care of yourself, and—above all—have faith in God. And"—her voice was a half-whisper, half-gasp now, "Whatever you—do—wherever you—go—think of me—as a—kind—and loving—mother a—after I'm gone."

"Gone?" he cried horasely, his fear getting the better of him. "Gone where?" "Where are you going?—Answer me!"

But his mother didn't answer.

In vain did he beg for an answer, for a word—reassuring him that life had not left her.

Fruitless were his pleadings to her to open her eyes and look at him once—just once. Death had taken its toll.

He tried to think, to understand the meaning of what had happened, but he could not. Something was missing—something that he vainly tried to find, to see. But it was useless. He lay down to unburden his stricken soul, to let the tears that he had so resolutely fought back course down his heated cheeks.

Then it dawned upon him. He had found that something that he had been looking for—found it in a flood of realization. He understood it now, not only this, but everything!—everything!

But it was too late—much too late. He had found his soul—man's noblest possession, but he had sacrificed more—man's dearest gift—his mother....

(Continued from Page 15)

Mathematics is here treated as a single subject, being especially concerned with the development of the fundamental principles of the outstanding divisions of the subject of mathematics.

2 semesters—4 hours a week—4 credits each semester.

PHYSICAL SCIENCES

Outline of Science

This course sums up the fundamental principles of those sciences that have a controlling influence on social and industrial life. The purpose is to introduce the student to the significant change that have taken place in every important branch of physical science and to lead him to an appreciation of the place science holds in the world to-day.

1 semester—3 lectures and two recitations— $3\frac{1}{2}$ credits.

A Physical Science

During the second semester of the first year, work in one of the sciences (physics or chemistry or biology) will be begun by the student so as to offer a thorough grounding in that science and an acquaintance with the methods of scientific thinking and the development of laboratory technique. Laboratory work by the students will be emphasized in this course.

2 semesters—7 hours a week—4 laboratory periods—1 lecture—2 recitations

— $4\frac{1}{2}$ credits each.

— $4\frac{1}{2}$ credits each semester.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Contemporary Civilization—

A composite course giving a summary of the history, geography, economics, sociology, psychology, and ethnology necessary to the understanding of the development of modern political, economic, and social conditions. After this bird's-eye-view of contemporary civilization, the student will be required to make a more careful study of certain aspects of social life.

2 semesters—4 hours a week—2 lectures—2 recitations—3 credits each semester.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Gymnastics, Athletics and Hygiene

Each student shall be required to spend not less than 2 hours a week in some form of physical recreational activity and directed exercise. Weekly lectures in hygiene and periodic examinations by a competent physician will be a part of the work.

2 semesters—2 hours a week—1 credit each semester.

In conclusion it should be noted that our whole course of studies has been planned on definite principles of curriculum organization and this freshman offering ought to be evaluated in relation to, and in the light of the entire course.



Why?

By BERNARD KAPLOWITZ, '28.

"Whether at Nāshapur or Babylon
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter
run
The wine of life keeps oozing drop
by drop
The leaves of life keep falling one by
one."

OMAR KHAYYAM.

Slowly, painfully, his tortured body crying out in protest, David Mann gathered himself together. Tottering, falling, creeping on his hands and knees, he struggled to get away as fast as possible when he saw the bloody mass of torn and mangled bodies from which he had just extricated himself. What a ludicrous and grotesque appearance did he present as he tried to escape from that ghastly group!

It was only when he thought that he had put a safe distance between himself and them—who had once been living human beings—that David finally stopped to rest. How could he know in his utter confusion, or see thru that seemingly impenetrable wall of mist, that only a few feet separated him from another such group. How could he know, in the darkness that prevailed, that not only one but hundreds of such groups dotted the plain like sand-dunes of the desert.

Wearied by his exertions which were so fruitlessly expended and weak from loss of blood, David fell to the ground. How cool and refreshing was the soft earth! How longingly did he wish he were beneath it unconscious of all earthly pain!

How long he lay in that stupor he knew not. But when he regained consciousness all of his immediate surroundings were changed. The heavens had begun to lose their dark and forboding aspect. The fog had lifted entirely; the moon appeared and spread her gentle radiance everywhere. The

bright silvery moonbeams seemed to expand and fasten themselves into the very earth; and with the aid of her friendly neighbors, the stars, the moon illuminated a world gone mad.

David looked about him bewilderedly. A sharp sickening pain in his side made him press his hand there, and he withdrew it covered with blood! Looking about on the ground, he saw a canteen, and not very far from it, a gun. Creeping towards them he left in his wake little pools of blood. At last both canteen and gun were his. After he had torn his undershirt into strips, washed his wounds, and bound the "band-ages," David felt momentarily at ease.

He looked about him. Everywhere he saw those heaps of dead men. He shuddered! Oh, the horrors he had seen and endured. As though through a mirage he saw again falling soldiers, the sharp glistening bayonets, and the streaks of fire flashing through the air. As though it were being enacted again, he heard the roar of the cannons, the bursting of bombs, the hum of the air-planes overhead. Again he saw that great white streak of light illuminating everything. Once again came that hurtling shell as swiftly and as silently as a comet out of the sky—coming to tear and rend, to destroy and annihilate everything and every one in its path.

David tried to forget these haunting and nerve-racking scenes. He was afraid—not a physical fear, but of something inexplicable within him. A slight breeze came up, cooling his burning face and body and calming his throbbing, restless spirit. He made an attempt to rise—succeeded only to topple eternal bodyguard, Demos and Phobos. Mars, the God of war, and, following on his heels, Panic and Fear. There they were,

rushing through space on their eternal orbits to the ground again. With the gun to prop him up, he again essayed to stand, and, after swaying dizzily, he regained his balance and remained standing.

Looking about him on all sides he saw far off to the south occasional flares of light. At short intervals the bursting of bombs broke the stillness of the night. Aside from that, there prevailed a solemn silence.

How impressive and majestic was that ghastly silence! How heavily it weighed down upon David! He looked in every direction—on the scenes below him, and at the heavens above. As far as the eye could see—even where sky and earth seemed to clasp each other, unite and merge as one,—the horizon—the heap of dead, the torn-up, devastated fields were reminders of what had happened there before. Group upon group, mound upon mound, lay the bodies of men who had fought and died. Died! Died for what?

No longer could he bear to look upon them. They weakened and nauseated him. He turned and looked up at the heavens again. And what a sight greeted him! The whole moon, mounting higher and higher the ladders of heaven, seemed to be playing hide-and-seek with the stars. Now hurtling into one drifting cloud, now emerging only to dart into another she appeared as she must have looked long ago in the eyes of the ancients—a living Goddess, beautiful vivacious, and proud; one whose only rival was Venus. She was in a hurry, reckless and heedless, deaf and blind to the cries and misery below her.

Suddenly David grew tense. What was that away to the east? What was that fiery red ball away up in the sky with those two white points of light following directly behind it? Yes, it was Mars—followed by his bit. What a wonderful spectacle! There, way up in the heavens, rushing, hurtling, along side by side, were War, Panic, and Fear, while down below, on a world trans-

formed into Hell, and all its inhabitants turned into devils, was raging a war far more terrible and devastating in its results than any other, and following on its heels were every curse known to man—fear, panic, misery, suffering, torture, death—death in its most horrible and most cruel form—injustice, and murder, in fact every weapon of Satan himself.

Once again he looked down upon those quiet, and ghastly groups. This time, however, he approached one of them. One by one he took the innocent victims of murderers into his arms and reverently placed them upon the ground. Not one to feel his touch; not a single beat of a heart, not a flicker of an eyelash! A load rested upon his shoulders—a load that grew heavier and heavier with every man he touched, and threatened to throttle him. Finally he could stand it no longer. Tears filled his eyes and coursed down his cheeks. Springing up, he raised his hands to the heavens and with all the bitterness of his heart, he cried:

"Oh, God! Not this! Not this! Oh, damn war! Damn those who sent us here! Let those who declared war fight, but not this, Lord, not this!"

Tears blinded him, sobs racked his body, as, in an outburst of despair, he cried:

"Oh, Death! How welcome you would be!"

At that moment, as if invoked by the Gods, a great white beam of light came flashing through the whole plain. Finally it rested upon David and out of the stillness of the night came the shrieking cry of a madly hurtling bomb. The flash of light, the thunder of the explosion, the twinkling of the stars, and the glow of the moon were synchronized into a one last fleeting impression on his almost unconscious mind. He began to drift down upon a long cavernous stream; a stream of endless windings and sharp curves. Gradually out of the darkness came a light.

David had joined his buddies across the "Great Divide".

ENRAPTURED



CHARLES B. HIRSHFELD, '29

*Have you ever walked about
When it snowed,
And lifted your face
To catch the cooling flakes
On your tongue?
Or stood and watched
The flakes falling,
Lazily through the lulled air,
As if each were attached
To a string,
And God
Were slowly letting it down?
Have you ever stood
On a hill on a windy day,
Head bowed,
Chest bared,
And let the wind
Meander through your hair
And course down your bosom,
Thrilled
At every gust that past you blew?
Have you ever strolled beneath
Starry skies,
Watching intently every twinkle
Of the silver studs,
And, suddenly,
Raised your hands
Imploringly,
And cried, "Take me unto you
And let me be
One of you
Forever"?*

SCHOOL NEWS

* * *

ELECTIONS

The point of enthusiasm reached by the students before the elections of September, 1927, shattered all previous records, if we can conceive of previous records allowing any room for being shattered. Large, colored posters were stuck on every available spot on the walls; some were even hung from the ceiling. Campaign managers were very much in evidence; every-one was busy persuading the other fellow that his man was the school's choice; or else advertising his favorite's merits on every bit of blackboard, giving our teachers—poor souls—not a chance in the world.

The day of the traditional assembly came at last. The students crowded themselves into the small auditorium, accompanied by the usual tumult. They settled themselves as comfortably (?) as possible to await the opening of the meeting. Leo Meizlik, the chairman of the Election and Canvassing Committee, ascended the platform and called the gathering to order. After making a few introductory remarks, he called upon our principal to address the student body. Dr. Safir welcomed the incoming Freshman and proceeded to outline some of the new regulations that had been put into effect at the beginning of the term. He also expressed the hope that we continue our good work and maintain the good name of the institution. Mr. Meizlik then resumed his duties as chairman and presented the candidates for the various offices. Their records were read, the assembly was advised to vote judiciously, and in a burst of applause the meeting came to a close.

In February, however, the interest of the school was at a decidedly lower ebb. The authorities, recalling the mass production of the multi-colored posters in the fall term, forbade any advertising of this kind.

Morris Penkower, chairman of the Election and Canvassing Committee, announced that Dr. Safir was ill and that Mr. Schwartz would address the students instead. The jovial French instructor went through the usual welcome to the Freshmen, and then acquainted the school with the practice of the administration regarding absentees, and the work of the students in the Regents' examinations.

An interesting revival of a former custom was staged—that of allowing speakers for each of the candidates instead of merely reading their school records. The novelty of this plan held the interest of the students during the earlier part of the assembly, but boring repetitions made the audience restless. One of the hard-hearted clerks rang the bell while the final speaker was orating, cutting short the address and allowing the students to disperse. However, as the final speaker's candidate was subsequently elected (perhaps because the speaker didn't finish) there was no cause for complaint.

If the speakers can be taught to inject some snap into their panegyrics, and thus sustain the interest of the audience to the end, there is every indication that the Spring assembly is a forerunner of a long series of pre-election gatherings conducted along similar lines.

THE GLEE CLUB

A Glee Club, or any singing organization for that matter, is no novelty in our school. However, a larger and more exclusive one was formed last term by a number of "well heard of" students.

Yes, much more exclusive, for the organization admitted only those who could actually sing. This addition to the old school organizations quickly sang its way into prominence and soon became a recog-

nized and functioning body. For, as you all know, its members bravely undertook to officiate at our Chanukah services. Their showings varied, but, whether good or bad, much praise is due the Glee Club for doing that which no other group of their kind

ever dared to undertake. The *Elchanite* staff congratulates them on their valiant efforts and are convinced that future Glee Clubs will not lack enthusiastic followers striving to worthily fill the places of those singing pioneers.



THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

With a trip to Europe as first prize and substantial sums in cash for other winners, one would expect a wild rush of contestants in the Times Oratorical Contest. To our surprise, though, there appeared only two ambitious orators—Hyman Faine of the sixth term, and George E. Gross of the Seniors.

The date selected for judging the two participants was March 13, 1928. On the appointed day the whole School assembled in the synagogue. Hyman Muss, who had recently been elected to the Presidency, made his first appearance in an official capacity. After opening the meeting he introduced Mr. Lamm as the honorary chairman of the assembly. Mr. Lamm told the boys what the contest was, its aims and its accomplishments.

Immediately afterwards Hyman Faine was called on and introduced. Speaking on "The Significance of the Constitution", he emphasized the personal freedom of the individual as opposed to the restrictions of the government, and brought fact after fact to show that this principle was frequently violated by legislation. Gross spoke on the same topic but along different lines. He praised the principles on which the Constitution was founded, holding them up as weapons in the struggle against unrestrained tyranny.

Messrs. Lieberman, Bernstein, and Hirschberg, who acted as judges, unanimously awarded Gross the victory.

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* * *

Song of the Bells

RALPH M. WEISBERGER, '28

Mr. Tingle was in Paradise. Leaning over the cradle of his first-born, a son, as he was wont to do daily upon returning from his office, he found perfect joy and contentment in trying to win a laugh from the baby by *shaking his head on its stomach*. With happiness in his heart, and fond thoughts in his mind, he permitted the infant to take, even placed, his finger in its doll-like hands—the comparison made him feel so big and important—while he dis-

torted his face into ludicrous expressions such as only proud, young "daddies" can assume. Occasionally, he would tuck his index finger under its chin or rather chins

lisp, silent "I's" and all—a combination which is meaningless to anyone other than a novice father or mother. The least semblance of a smile from the child put Milton into ecstasies and amply rewarded him for his irritation on those nights when the baby's restlessness,

due to his tardy retirement to his crib, had compelled him to walk back and forth—or in circles—on a cold floor that seemed to be covered with splinters and fully of chairs and stools, purposely placed right in his path—though, for the life of him he could never find enough of them when they were needed. Danny was often taken from his crib, long after his regular bed-time, by his proud parents, to be shown “on parade” to visiting relatives and friends; the effect of this was firmly impressed on Milton in the shape of these sleepless nights and promenades. Truly, after a day of worry it was heavenly to return to a happy home of prattling babe and fondling mother. And many an air castle did he build for his dear ones; they were his only human possessions, and he yearned to build around them his Elysian home.

But God willed otherwise.

The home which before had been flooded with the cheery sunshine of happiness now lay steeped in the shadows of sorrow. Instead of the laughter of the mother and only child at play, there now was the muffled conversation of the nurse and the doctor, interrupted frequently by the queries of an anxious husband. The baby still laughed at its play, but Mr. Tingle’s “air castle” threatened to crumble. His heart was heavy with grief, though he manfully tried to keep a “stiff upper lip”. For she, who had brought his only child into this world, lay in the shadow of death. Though his mind was tortured with that pessimistic philosophy which prevails in the minds of all those whom misfortune overtakes, Mr. Tingle tried to find solace in calm reasoning. Despite his breaking heart, he bravely smiled comfortingly in the presence of his wife and urged her not to worry. Though sobs choked him at the realization of the inevitable end, he still hoped against hope that Rena would yet recover.

But his hopes seemed truly in vain; for the nurse’s chart showed a steady decline. Rena, realizing that her fate was sealed, asked to see her husband and child for what she knew was the last time. The baby, happy to be with its mother, she took on one side; the father, his tear-dimmed eyes taking in a last glimpse of a beloved wife and pal, she held to her other side. Rena, too, was hungrily gazing at both of her beloved ones. Her face had become wan and tired, but an angelic smile played around the corners of her mouth. A few feeble rays of light, creeping in around the curtains, caused her hair to glisten in all its glory, seeming to form a halo around her head. Milton could not realize that the wasted form lying before him was the once—beautiful being he had considered perfection—an object for admiration—not made to suffer; that this glistening hair which before had been a crown for her beauty, now was a crown on a dried mass of flesh and blood. So delicate had she become that Milton feared to touch her, lest she crumple into dust under his touch. This thought brought to him the realization that Rena really would soon become only dust—mere, formless dust, retaining no semblance of her earthly beauty—only a memory in his mind.

The thought frightened him—weakened him. His breath came quicker as he grew more excited—almost hysterical. His chest heaved as he tried to control himself. Rena was speaking; he must listen. It seemed a bell were chiming—so fair and sweetly musical, as a tinkling bell did her voice sound to Milton. At the sound of her voice something began knocking inside his head. A small trip hammer seemed to be pounding against his temples, resounding as might a vibrating bell. God! he couldn’t bear that. Wasn’t it enough that he was losing her? Why had he to stand all this and see her receding slowly as the tide—but steadily—away from him?

"I'll soon have to leave you, Milton, and you, Danny dear—" "oh, don't talk that way; this won't last long!" interrupted Milton tearfully.

No, it won't last long, he thought. Soon it will be over—but Rena will have gone! But—but she can't!

"You will not leave us now! You can't!"

As if he, or she, could prevent it. Mere words. But he had to say something. If that knocking in his head, and those bells didn't stop soon he'd be driven mad. He was in a frenzy already, his temples almost bursting.

"Milton, I do hate to leave you so. I can't realize that in a little while I shall no longer be able to speak to you, to look at you, to play with you; that I shall close my eyes—and—be lost to you. But what can we do? If we must go, we must."

Her voice, continually broken by deep sighs, grew weaker, yet more wistful and loving.

"I know it is not necessary to tell you, but bring up Danny as I had hoped to. I thought I'd be able to watch him grow from a chattering baby to what he is now, a lad, able to talk; to see him change from a schoolboy to a young man. Oh, God! how I would love to see my 'acorn growing into an oak'. But we can't have everything we want. I've had you and Danny. And I stil want you!" she cried excitedly. "Dear! don't let me go!"

As if possession of her physical self could prevent her soul from escaping from his grasp. Milton knew he couldn't, yet he tried to, just as a drowning person clutches at a straw for maintenance. But drowning people don't think, nor did Milton, half-crazed with worry and fear.

"I hear the voices calling me. I must go. Just one last look at you, Milton and Daniel. Just one look—and — Good by."

Leaning over and placing her hand on Daniel's head she gaspingly whispered a blessing into his ear. With her Daniel

clasped tightly to her breast, and her lips pressed against Milton's, ready to die with a smile on her face and a final good-by on her lips, Rena's head fell back on the pillow and lay still—already lifeless, already clay. The sounds of bells which had been so strong to Milton before, now became fainter and fainter, farther and farther away as the soul of Rena flitted up to heaven on the rays of the sun she had so loved.

An overwhelming horror made Milton speechless for a moment. Then he became hysterical and fell headlong across her dead body in a swoon. Daniel, sensing something wrong, began to cry. Then he cried louder and said between tears:

"Papa, don't! You'll wake up mama." And Daniel crawled closer to his mother and cried to her to awaken

Although several years had passed, Mr Tingle still felt the shock of his wife's death. Tho he had promised her on her death bed to take care on Daniel, he was too dazed to pay much attention to his growing son. In his office he worked automatically—and his work showed it. His friends tried to cheer and comfort him, but he blundered absent-mindedly about as tho in a dream. He missed his pal, his wife. Many a time he almost decided to end it all, only to be restrained by the thought that his wife and expected him to carry on for their son's sake at least. The Devil was busily engaged in Milton's mind, but the guard-spirit of Rena extended its influence, from the Beyond, to keep him true to his belief in God. Many a time he almost lost faith at the thought that those who try to be good are burned while the wicked ones fiddle. But when cool reasoning came back to him, he rallied at the argument that many honest people are poor, while the dishonest are rich. Yet, he had never thought of turning dishonest. And so the battle raged on within him —

Then came the awful days of the influenza epidemic. The grim spector stalked everywhere. Just as in the time of the Jews in Egept, every house was taking its toll. Mr.Tingle's house was no exception. Here, where not long ago, the Grim Reaper had removed a beloved one, there came now this pestilence to strike down Daniel in illness. So grave was this malady, that Daniel was given the name Raphael (Heal, O, G-d) in the hope that it would save his life. But the spectre had taken a stranglehold and persisted in holding it. Steadily, Daniel drew nearer his creator, while Milton looked on mutely and helplessly. Tho his grief was great, and his love for Daniel still greater, he had spent all his emotions on his wife, whose departure had taken the heart out of him. Now he was as one of another world, who anxiously watches the events of this world, yet is unable to show his anxiety and interest.

Once, while with Daniel, his old wound, almost closed now, was re-opened. In the boy's room, he gazed silently on his son's face as he lay sleeping. For fear of waking him, however, Milton started to leave the room just as the clock chimed the hour. Simultaneously with its chimes, there came to his ears the sound of chiming bells. The clock ceased and Milton expected the bells, too, would stop. But, he still heard the bells. It was only his imagination, he thought, or the echo of the bells. But d-n it! Why did they persist? He grew frightened; he remebered what the bells had once before meant to him. The thought weakened him, made him clutch for some support. Why that couldn't be! Those bells didn't mean anything — there weren't any real bells. His mind must be weakening under the strain. Or it must be only the association of events, he speculated dazedly. But why, in heaven, didn't they stop? D-n that

clock for starting it all. Sure, that was the explanation. The clock had made him think of bells. But they didn't mean anything. Then why couldn't he stop them, if they meant nothing? Now what was that muttering that seemed to be coming from the bed? He turned, as does a beast which has suddenly discovered that it is trapped by the hunter, and slowly lurched toward the bed as he heard Daniel's voice rise from an unintelligible murmur to an hysterical raving.

"Mother, you are an angel now, aren't you? But why do you ring those bells? Have you come back for me?"

Milton gasped in helpless horror but was speechless.

"What is that, mother? But don't go away! Wait for me—please, wait for me! I want to go with you!"

Thoughts of the first message of the bells rushed through Milton's mind and left him horror-stricken. He stood and muttered, "The bells again, Daniel, Rena, the bells. Don't listen to them, Danny dear!"

Could it be true? Daniel was listening to them. His breath was labored now, and came in gasps, growing fainter and fainter. till it stopped. Mr. Tingle stumbled to the phone, called the doctor, then groped his way back to the bed. For the second time in his life, he swooned and lay across the lifeless body of his son as if that would it back the warmth of life it had lost. It was in this position that the doctor found him, to tell him that nothing could be done. He was sorry, but had to hurry away to another such victim of the epidemic.

Milton seated himself in his rocker in the next room to brood over his misfortunes.

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BOOK MART

"THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY"

By Thornton Wilder

We can hardly remember (in spite of our youth) a book which has aroused as much enthusiasm and comment as Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey." Never at any time during the yet young twentieth century has a book so unique in content, so profound and of so simple a style been written. Thornton Wilder set out to prove a philosophical idea, and the result of his labour has been worthy of his will.

The story begins with a vivid and well-written description of the Bridge of San Luis Rey, which collapsed while five people, who are closely related to the plot, were upon it.

Brother Juniper is a monk whose theological studies and beliefs make him a fanatic in his faith. It was his custom to scour the country for records of certain people who had died; and after acquiring these, he invented such numerical tabulations as to prove that the deaths of the persons had been inevitable, and the records (as, alas all mathematical tables are) irrefutable. We now proceed with Brother Juniper, (to whom it seemed that it was nigh time for theology to take its place among the exact sciences) to gaze into the crystal ball and to behold with him the webs of life which had been spun about the five people who had fallen with the Bridge.

Among the five was the Marquesa of Montmayer, a spurned mother, whose greatest joy in life had been destroyed. Her daughter had forsaken her maternal bosom and love in order to bestow it, instead, upon a noble courtier with whom she left for distant parts. And as Wilder describes the Marquesa in eloquent and moving words

"All she could ask of a God, or of immortality, was the gift of a place where daughters love their mothers; the other attributes of Heaven you could have for a song."

La Perichole was the actress of the local stage . . . "she had never known love, save love as passion. Many who have spent a life in it can tell us less of love than the child who lost a dog yesterday." The story of La Perichole can be told only as Wilder tells it. To the reader her life is a tragic one; the life of an eternal actress.

Uncle Pie's affection for La Perichole made her popular in the theatre. His is the part of a philosopher; of the deep thinker whose conception of life is only as a philosopher can conceive it. "He possessed the attributes of the adventurer, a memory for names and faces with the aptitude for altering his own. His eyes are as sad as those of the cow that has been separated from its tenth calf."

Esteban follows; he who had learned a great lesson of life; he who had tasted of the sweet cup of love, but who in the end detected its bitter grape. "He discovered that secret from which one never recovered; that even in the most perfect love one person loves less profoundly than the other."

Pepita is our last subject. "Pepita was an orphan and had been brought up by that strange genius of Lima, the abbess Maria de Pilar. "In her quest for a successor, she determined upon Pepita, whom she afterwards addressed as an equal. In public Pepita suffered all the torture of a little girl's self-consciousness. She suffered hallucinations wherein men seemed to be staring at her and whispering. Nor were these always hallucinations.

Again those undying words—that immortal voice of youthful sacrifice—"Amar Ravah, Amar Abaya (Thus Ravah Taught, thus Abaya spake), issues forth from within his imprisoned soul. The candle light flickers in and out with the sing-song movement of his body. The shadow on the wall disappears and returns as he rocks ceaselessly to and fro. No moon nor stars can disturb him now; no charming singing voices; no tempting cooling breezes; no wiles of the jolly night; no beckoning moon rays. Like an anointed priest he stands—like a shield the words, "Amar Ravah, Amar Abaya," as they steal away into the still night. They are his swords, his protectors.

The darkness envelopes the hours before the dawn. The trees outside are swaying with the breeze, as if they also were engrossed in mighty learning. Within the Masmid rocks as ceaselessly as the trees swept along by the same breeze—but this is within his soul—this is a strong, impenetrable west wind shaking him; a sea raging within him; a maelstrom carrying him away into ecstasies as the words undying and unending break upon the still night, "Amar Abaya, Amar Ravah (Thus Ravah taught, and thus Ravah spake").

*"There are abandoned corners of our exile,
Remote, forgotten cities of Dispersion,
Where still in secret burns an ancient
light,*

*Where God has saved a remnant from
disaster*

*And when thou goest forth alone at
nightfall,*

*Wandering in one of these, the sacred
cities,*

*When Heaven above is quick with break-
ing stars,*

*And earth beneath with whispering
spirit winds,*

*Thine ear will catch the murmur of a
voice,*

*Thine eye will catch the twinkle of a
light,*

*Set in a window and in human form—
A shadow, like the shadow of death—
beyond,*

*A voice, an agony, that lifts and falls,
And comes towards thee upon the waves
of silence.*

*Mark well the swaying shadow and the
voice;*

*It is a Masmid in his prison house,
A prisoner, self-guarding, self-condemned,
Self-sacrificed to study of the Law."*

JUDAISM AND THE MODERN MIND

By DR. M. FARBRIDGE

One learned scholar said of this book—"This book, attractively written and at the same time thoroughly scholarly, will serve a double purpose, for it explains to all—Jew and Gentile alike—the basic principles of our sacred faith." "And it is at the same time, as another scholar says, "timely, well-written, and thought provoking."

Indeed, the book is timely. Just at present, the younger Jewish generation is agog with scepticism at the question of the relation of modern science to traditional Judaism. It is, however, not only for those who are not acquainted with Jewish precepts that Dr. Farbridge explains and defends the Bible and the principles of traditional Judaism. Even those of us whose faith is strong enough to withstand groundless criticism ought to find out the reasons for our beliefs, lest, having disregarded the strengthening of the foundations of our religion, we fall at the slightest adverse argument.

The author discusses in a logical way and fitting order the proposed substitutes for Judaism, and shows that they do not solve the religious problem. He then points out the greatness of the Bible not only in its exceptional literary value, but also its high moral and ethical standard. In speaking of the status of woman we are given the

beautiful quotation — "Woman was taken out of man, not out of his head to top him, nor out of his feet to be trampled under foot; but out of his side to be equal to him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved."

He continues, and refutes the difficulties seen in the Bible by modern critics—the miracles, the permitted existence of polygamy, the order to annihilate the neighboring idol-worshippers, the description of the creation of the universe. Dr. Farbridge explains the miracles either as allegorical references (as the tale of Jonah), or as a prayer in the present time rather than a tale of a past event (as the miracle of Joshua, when he ordered the sun to remain fixed and the moon to remain till he triumphed in battle), or even as actual deficiencies of the laws of nature as we know them. If, he reasons, men, to whom the properties of nature are merely entrusted by God who made them, can so control these properties as to be able to invent machines such as the airplane and X-ray, which men of fifty years ago considered miracles, how much more easily ought the Supreme Master to be able to accomplish things which, to us, are contrary to our laws of nature?

As great as the Bible is, however, or perhaps because it is so great, some men claim the Pentateuch is the work of more than one man and of more than one period. The author, however, ably refutes their claims.

Tradition, says Dr. Farbridge, is the means of accommodating the Bible to the ages. For instance, if we were to obey the law of the Sabbath in the Bible to the letter, we would be without food or warmth on these rest days. Tradition, however, interpreted this and other such laws, and made their fulfillment within our reach.

These interpretations were accepted by us and have become as much a law as the originals in the Bible. Many, however, refuse to accept tradition because, they claim, it is something for which we must take another's word, whereas in science, one finds things out for himself. But this statement, too, is disproven very ably by Dr. Farbridge; he shows that laws of science are accepted without question from an authority as much as, if not more than traditional Judaism.

A part of our tradition is our ceremonial services in the Synagogue. This, says the author, must not be done away with. Ceremony tends to stimulate our interest and emotions. Religion, after all, should appeal not so much to the mind as to the heart. Just as music, or the pomp and ceremony of a parade appeal to the heart, so do and so should the ceremonies of our services. After all, it was only by keeping these services—and keeping them in their original Hebrew that we have succeeded in preserving even that little bit of Judaism which the most extreme Radicals still observe. To do away with these traditional observances is to do away with ourselves as Jews. They must be preserved at any cost; only by doing so can we preserve ourselves.

Though pleasing in every other respect the book disappointed me in that it does not discuss the Dietary laws and the observance of the Sabbath. Why these were omitted, I do not understand; must certainly it is not due to lack of a defense. Outside of that is thoroughly orthodox and logical; at no point in the discussion does the author permit prejudice to sway his reasoning. This book, then, is a worthy discussion of most of the principles of Judaism, and should therefore, be of interest to all—Jew and Gentile—Orthodox and Reformed, alike.

"His Yoke Shall be Broken"

By JOSEPH KAMINETZKY, '28

"Far from the gross wealth of earth
and its treasure,
Shall be thy dwelling;
Dew, sun, starlight;
Warrior thou shalt be, sword in
thy strong hand
Keep thee in safety;
Yet for a season, unto thy deceiver
Thou shalt be subject;
And then shall come strength, and
with strength shall come
freedom,
His yoke shall be broken."

—GENESIS xxvii, 39

I

Fertile soil and dense foliage—symbolic of primitiveness and palpitating life—and a prancing, half-naked, negro lad with a glistening, tawny body like the soil upon which he trod—all combined in primitive Congo.

Glam, the negro lad, had ample cause for his ecstasy. His maturity had been asserted. He was to attend the barbecue held on the shores of the Lualaba, near the lake of Tanganyika, not as an onlooker any more but as a participant. From afar he heard the beating of tom-toms, passing through the forest like an ominous breath. Boom-lay! Boomlay! Boomlay! Boom! He was stalking the prey. Then with a chortle of glee, he was swaying to the rhythm of the beating drums! He felt the blood pulsating through his veins and heard it drum in his ears. Boomlay! boomlay! boomlay! boom! Tom! tom! tom! A chill breeze freshened. Glam was off for the warmth of the barbecue fire and for the lure of the tom-toms....

Gruesomely painted figures, madly swaying to the intoxicating rhythm of the beat-

ing of the drums. Glam was among them, intent, strained, and swaying to the voice of the jungle. The glint of the tiger was in his eyes, the grace of the panther in his movements—and the palpitant pressure of the jungle in his veins. He was the lusty savage!

On and on they swirled, entranced. They paused rigidly listening to the voice of the jungle, and swirled on again until they dropped from exhaustion, their senses drugged. Glam lay sleeping deeply, dreaming of bloody soil, deliciously enticing. . . .

II

Glam was swaying once more. But this time it was not to the rhythm of the tom-toms. He was lying in the black hold of a vessel, shackled to his mates of last night's orgy. Through the night they had slept until the whites had stumbled upon them. Drugged and chained, the blacks had been thrown into the hold of a slave runner, bound for Norfolk, Virginia—to be smuggled in like contraband hogs.

Vermín and filth, stygian darkness, and cold, rank air, had killed the weakest of the lot. Glam looked down upon a stiffened corpse whose open mouth gaped as if in wonder. He was too terrified to fear. He was enduring a more trying ordeal now! It was his instinctive desire for life—that which prompted him to be on the alert at the rustle of a leaf, at the rattle of a snake. Now it was a more fearsome foe! Vermín that crawled into one's mouth and nostrils, reeking corpses, nauseating, foul air and a rocking boat were his enemies. He would throttle them if he could, but these were new travails. It was difficult to submit to them. The savage in him revolted, but his self-preservation won. Glam would endure the journey . . .

An auction block at Norfolk was an event. Slaves were rare, and the extensive cotton-fields demanded cultivation. Viewing the sales amusedly, stood "dandies" and beauties, calloused overseers and dignified colonials. The ragged, unkept condition of the negroes did not deter the bidding one whit. Slaves were needed and slaves would be worked until their hearts ceased to beat. An octoroon, beautiful and primitive, attracted high bidders. Immobile, she was listening for the faint tom-toms from across the ocean. Sold to a dandy, she stepped from the auction block, dazed by the queer procedure and dulled by weariness. However, a spark still flared within her—the call of the tom-toms, the voice of the drums.

Glam was sold to an old, dignified colonial and sent away to sow and to cut. Dry stuff that grew out of fertile ground! Where were his jungles! At night he would dream of his Congo as he rocked to the crooning of the "niggers". His Congo still coursed in his veins, but was a trifle subdued and less vivacious

III

Lately there had been a stir among the negroes. Glam's animal instinct told him of an approaching crisis. When the overseer was away they would gather in groups and whisper of rendezvous, and the savage glint would leap into their eyes. Glam sensed the impending danger and his muscles tensed.

IV

Glam's "massah" was the only one for whom Glam had any affection. Glam admired "massah's" bearing and poise. When Glam had cut his thigh open thru a slip of his scythe it was "massah" who had tended to him. Glam's fidelity was inexplicable, even to himself. "Massah" was good . .

With the passing of nights Glam felt more and more the approach of a crisis. And then it descended upon them.

Glam lay listening despairingly for the beat of the tom-toms! Suddenly he sprang up alert, a savage once more! He could discern far off flares of fire-brands. Nat Turner, fanatic for freedom, and his followers were killing. The savage in them had been thirsty many years, and could not be quenched easily. Glam, crouching in the cotton-fields, watched their approach. The barbarian in him drew him nearer and nearer to the raging fanatics. To scream defiance and to throttle would awaken him out of his stupor. Stealthily he crept closer . . .

Then he jumped up amazed. "Massah's" mansion was burning, and the negroes were running about it, chanting. Crazed by their lust they clambered over the veranda and beat upon the doors. From an upper window Glam could see "massah" with a rifle at his shoulder, while red spurts bored down upon the maniacal blacks. Black arms clutched at the air while thick blood oozed out of them. They were bewildered at the loss of their strength. Eerie holes in their sinewy bodies, pouring out their life blood.

Glam was all animal now. He was stalking his prey, and his prey was tender 'massah' at the high window. Stealthily he crept in the shadows towards "massah's" window. Agile as a tiger he clambered up till something hard struck him on the chest and toppled him to earth. His ears were ringing and his chest burnt fiercely. Gradually he felt his strength oozing from him. Then as from a distance, he heard the faint beats of the tom-toms: Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom . . . Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom . . . Glam had returned to his Congo

"Prometheus Unbound"

By TREBRE

In the midst of the bustle of New York City, there drifts aimlessly along the lower East Side a band of idlers who would have conformed with the requisites of the proverbial "rolling stones who gather no moss" if one would substitute a listless meandering for rolling and a thick layer of dirt for moss. Among this band the Dupe existed. It would be incongruous to imagine him living elsewhere. Only among these individuals—where acknowledgement replaced hospitality—could he possibly be welcomed. His unkempt figure, reeking of encased filth, had inexplicably appeared from nowhere and would eventually return there.

In their endless wanderings these bits of human driftwood had gradually assumed the rigidity of automato. Any diversity was repulsed, including the ephemeral probings of the would-be benefactors. Their cases had been analysed thoroughly—but still they trudged on, continually being giped at and tormentd. These taunts had found their marks, for out of them was bred moroseness and out of this a deep burning hatred for humanity evolved. However, they had long sunk into a lethargy and would only be aroused out of their stupor to "wrap the draperies of their couch about them" in Potters' Field.

Philosophers sprawled with crooks at their sides—a motley troop of diverse views. The sordidness of their environment had preached to them a bitter abhorrence for society, whereas their helplessness had nipped their initiative in the bud.

Bound together by their utter degeneracy, these unfortunates had adapted themselves to their environment. In this respect the Dupe differed from his comrades.

Since childhood he longed for something he himself could not define. In his early manhood this longing had smoldered, but now it burst into flame. Although he could not conceive of idealism in his wretchedness, he nevertheless felt a strong tension drawing him somewhere—he knew not where—a "call of the wild". Perhaps this was why he had been called a dupe.

This desire for Utopia was his undoing. As a dream it would have gained for him an enlivening interest in life, but as a practical experiment it was taboo. And he had fondled it until he had crushed all chance of its blooming. As Rabindranath Tagore puts it,

"Why did the flowers wither?

*I clasped it to my heart in my devotion
And therefore the flower withered."*

As if inspired by the devil the Dupe would scream in hysteria, while his comrades looked at him askance and shook their heads furtively.

"Ha! Ha! I'm free! I'm roaming on air and my feet won't touch earth! Filthy earth! Filthy with—with . . ."

"Filthy with what?" he often wondered. What was it he abhorred? He, the filthiest and most abhorred creature. Earth's duplicity and deception, hideousness or slovenliness? He blasphemed and raved at everything, for his own depravity had poisoned him with a bitter pessimism. He would not be gainsayed. He would not be subdued by the filthy earth that spurned him. To him everything was ugly, and in his encompassing condemnation his own self slipped past unnoticed . . .

Dupe had reached that decline that leads to oblivion. Before him yawned his future an immense void, while behind him were biting reminiscences. In retrospect his youth was a blundering, squandering mess. Mistakes that had palled in the dazzle of his youth, now, in his inactivity, loomed formidably. Then before he was aware of it old age had crept up on him from behind.

How distantly strange his youth seemed to him when he considered his gnarled features. He dimly recalled how he too had been like the blithe youths he saw sauntering through the parks. But these "memories" were far from enlivening, for they were not memories, but haunting regrets. When he infrequently drowsed it was pondering over his youth.

Out of the past a name, Charlie the Eel, often came to his lips. The name seemed to be related to his own debonair person of fifty years ago. Charlie the Eel, a slippery member of Bracketts' gang—a group of bruisers and a subject to be discussed in whispers and behind one's tremulous palm—who was he? It was all so long ago. He evaded brooding over it, for it was so very disheartening. He had committed some crime and Susan had something to do with it. Susan? H—m . . . He had a vague idea of a gay girl who had kept house for an aged father.

Susan's father, old Jim Delby, had been one of the district bosses in his heyday. However, after incurring the enmity of one of the "big bosses" he was shaken off like a dog shakes water of its fur. Susan worked in Stacy's, one of the few big department stores, and barely managed to make both ends meet.

One summer day Charlie noticed her sitting on the fire-escape of a crowded tenement house. All the tenement house windows were crowded with peering faces and craning bodies. They had shaken off their moodiness and smiled through wearied faces.

Charlie felt a pang of remorse when he looked up at Susan. She was fresh and bright-like as a daisy enmeshed in a thorn bush. However, his gang training had taught him never to miss an opportunity and Charlie never waited for the second knock. He had acquired that fluent East Side jocularly and soon he had Susan squealing with mirth. An exchange of memoirs and they became fast friends. To Susan it was a yearning—to Charlie a whim.

From then on old Jim Delby looked upon Charlie as a "steady". However, Jim was not over-inquisitive of their relationship for he was content to let his head hang wearily and think of flighty "glory".

In Charlie's mind a daring plan was formulating. Stacy's was being rushed and often the days receipts would be stored away to be deposited the following morning. Now, if Susan could talk to the guard. . . But Gosh! The kid trusted him so much. It would be hard to lie to her.

That Saturday night all his plans were in readiness. It had been quite easy to win Susan over to his side. He told her that he had made a wager with old Paddy that he could take the money from the safe from "under Paddy's nose". At first Susan had demurred but she loved Charlie too much to doubt him.

Everything worked smoothly. Susan was in Stacy's talking to old Paddy, after all the girls had left. She had returned for her scarf and she lingered to talk to the guard while the safe door was still open. In two minutes Charlie's deft fingers had taken the valuables out of the safe and he was tip-toeing away to the open window. In his haste he tripped and sprawled headlong. Like a flash Paddy had his gun out and fired. But just as quickly Susan had jumped in front of Charlie and the bullet passed clean through her chest. . .

Then prison. . . Clean straight rows of cells and glistening steel were the memories that remained in the Dupe's mind

Years and years of endless marching, drudgeries, and silence when regrets could hurt mostly.

From then on the dream drifted away into thin air. It had all been so very, very long ago. All he could feel now was an ache. His regrets were so active and he was so dead. It hurt him to grow dead in a city that was forever young and bustling. He felt cold and forlorn. And it was a pondering over the whole scheme of Life that had awakened his "ideal".

He realized its impracticability but banished these thoughts terror-stricken. He hung on to his rantings tenaciously for he knew they were the only things Life held for him.

The Idiot's brooding gradually changed to hatred for himself as well as for humanity. Having realized his "ideal" to be a fantasy he felt empty and chilled. His youth mocked him, his "ideal" lured him into a frenzy, and was finally replaced by a yearning to die and glide easily over the horizon.

To his intense disgust the Dupe realized he lacked the courage to kill himself. During the night he tossed about in his troubled sleep by derision for himself and daytimes he cringed from himself loathingly. He loathed his own timidity but was unable to conquer it. He often looked down into the churning waters of the East River in despair, but turned away quivering, panting. His own fancy pictured whirling monsters beckoning him on. He could hear

them whisper sly chuckles into his ear and he could feel their hot breaths surging over him.

This was the condition in which the Dupe found himself one cold winter night. He had snatched at a few winks of sleep but could not find no solace there. Cold sweat chilled his body and he could feel the cold fingers of winter gripping him. He staggered with his leaden feet to the dark edge of the East River. Below him swirled the river—its waves groped greedily at him. The Dupe turned away in despair. He could not do it. He was afraid. . . . Too cold to bolster up courage to do it now . . .

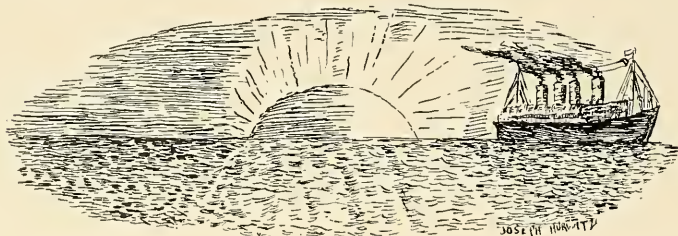
As he turned to go he saw an aged, bent man pass by him, looking here and there in terror. Then he saw a hurtling figure while the chilled wind breathed a dull splash into his ear. The Dupe ran to the edge and peered over. A grizzled head rose to the surface. He grasped its frozen hair and, with an effort, was able to pull it ashore. The bloated lips were gasping, "Nothing, nothing, not a thing left."

With a sob that seemed to come directly from his heart he pushed the stiff figure into the water and watched it slide under.

A part of a song flitted across his memory.

"Dawn of tomorrow, chase all the sorrows . . . Was there a dawn or even a tomorrow," he smirked.

Dumbly the Dupe toppled over into the river "sans everything".



ATHLETICS





FALL TERM ATHLETICS

Basketball

Basketball seasons have come and gone, but last term's basketball tournament will forever be a cherished memory. Never before have there been so startling performances on the basketball court as during the last Fall term. Competition was dogged, as if the Fate of the whole school depended upon the outcome. From the novice Freshmen to the veteran Seniors a surge for the championship laurels was made. All threatened to outdo each other in the grim contention. It was "dog eat dog and devil take the hindmost"—without any relaxation or let-up.

The Freshmen became acquainted with the rigors of our basketball tournaments—much to their chagrin. Before they could gather their forces together for another assault, they found themselves on the tail-end of the class standings. The 2a team, who had already asserted their ability the previous seasons, swept through the lower division tournament like a tornado. Captain Berman, S. Persky, and Essig were the nucleus of the team.

In the upper division, competition was keener. The upper termers knew how important a lead was, and were determined not to let their chances slip by. The keenest rivalry was between the 4a team and the 3b team. These two teams have been a "thorn in each other's side" since they were

timid Freshies. Every semester they pitted their ability against one another till the other class games paled in the dazzling exhibitions of these two teams.

During the Fall term, the rivalry had attained its keenest. The two games that decided the upper division championship will never be forgotten. The teams matched up thus:

3b	4a
Youner, W.....	Center..... Lifshitz, M.
Krustangle, F.....	Forward..... Greenberg, A. H.
Goldsmith.....	Forward..... Lifschitz, H.
Goldstein, M.....	Guard..... Persky, M.
Cohen, H. B.....	Guard..... Koenigsberg, J.

Referee: "Chubby" Cohen—Timekeeper, Harry Stein.

The 4a's won the first game by a spectacular shot in the last minute of play and determined to win the following cup and the championship. They led the first but soon their confidence was shattered. The 3b's started the second half with a will and soon tied the score. Just as the whistle blew, the 3b's tossed in another goal, thereby winning the game and the championship of the upper division. A sizable crowd had gathered to watch the game and went frantic after that spectacular goal. That game, almost incredible in its uniqueness, will never be forgotten. Lusty cheers still reverberate on one's ears when one recalls that thrilling finish.

The lower termers put up a stiff fight, but their chances were "nipped in the bud." The laurels went to the 3b team and, believe me, they deserved them.

The standing of the classes were:

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
UPPER DIVISION			
3b	6	1	.857

4a	5	2	.714
4b	2	4	.333
3a	0	6	.000

Lower Division:

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
2a	6	0	1.000
2b	4	3	.571
1b	3	4	.429
1a	0	6	.000

SPRING TERM ATHLETICS

Basketball

The basketball tournament of this term was in the form of a preamble to a strenuous baseball tournament. Although an elimination tournament, the basketball program was interesting from start to finish. This semester the basketball laurels were awarded to the 4b team. The 4b's were determined not to leave the school without winning a championship, and had therefore concentrated all their efforts to win this term's laurels. The 2b's had won the lower division championship, but that is as far as their chances went, for they withered before the fierce onslaught of the 4b's.

Baseball

The Athletic Council had been granted \$50 for baseball material, and hopes ran high for an interesting baseball tournament. Considering the divers attractions, the tournament itself was a minor event. A varsity team was formed to represent our school on the baseball diamond. It is essential for any school. Although our team may not have performed over-brilliantly they have nevertheless set an enviable precedent, and it is our hope that this precedent will be continued during the following years.

The feature event of the season was Field Day. May 7 dawned cloudy, and our pessimists predicted a rainy day. However,

Old Sol peeped through the clouds, and the school left for Van Cortlandt Park. Double-header class games were played and dispensed with so as to make way for the "spice" of the program—the annual Varsity vs.—S.O.Y. game.

Entreaties could not persuade the Faculty to play. Evidently they had seen a cruel glint in the students' eyes when they were invited down the ball field. For, you see, grudges can be easily settled on the ball field—a wild pitched ball may be used to good advantage. The Faculty went through this Field Day unscathed; we do not begrudge them their good fortune.

One of the features of the afternoon was Mr. Efron's peculiar manipulation of a bicycle. His accelerated velocity did not seem to conform with his intentions, his equilibrium was unbalanced, gravity took a hand in the matter—and "down fell Rome." A word to the wise — "theorising never drove a bicycle."

Then, to the tune of "Here comes Paul Revere," "Which one's the horse," "Ride 'em, cowboy," a "fiery steed", Itz Levine cantered up to the field. From its weary look, the nag seemed as if it had been taken off a milk wagon, on a pension. There are still doubts as to its pedigree. Although "Itz" maintain it's a real horse, others hold that it must have been the "Iron Horse."

Notwithstanding these interruptions, the

game proceeded. The lineup was:

S.O.Y.

	A.	B.	R.	H.	E.
	A.B.	Runs	Hits	Err.	
Cooper R. F., C.....	4	0	0	0	
Cohen H., C., P.....	4	0	2	0	
Cohen Leon, S. S., P.....	4	0	0	1	
Caplan, 1st base.....	4	2	1	0	
Ruditzky, 2nd base.....	4	2	2	0	
Shain, L. F.....	2	1	0	0	
Routenberg, H. J. 3rd.....	4	0	1	0	
Hordes, P.	4	1	1	0	
Rosen, C., R. F.....	1	0	1	1	
Routenberg, M. H., R. F.....	3	1	0	0	
Nissenbaum, ...	1	0	0	0	

Total 35 7 8 2

Varsity

	A.B.	Runs	Hits	Err.
Persky, M., R.F.....	4	0	0	0
Pollack, 3rd, S.S.....	4	1	1	3
Youner, W., 1st.....	3	0	1	0
Greenberg, A., H.C.....	5	1	1	0
Lipman, S., S.S. 3.....	2	2	1	0
Goldstein, M., 2nd.....	1	1	1	1
Shapiro, J., C.F.....	3	1	2	0
Rubel, L. J. L.F.....	1	0	0	0

Bressler, S., P.....	1	0	0	0
Krustangle, F., P.....	2	1	1	0
Kaplowitz, B., lb.....	1	1	0	0
Applebaum, B., R.F.....	1	0	0	0
*Lipman, I.	1	0	0	0

Total 31 8 9 4

*battled for Pollack in 8th.

Hit by pitched balls: Krustangle, 5.

Hits off: Bressler 4 in 4 innings, Krustangle 4 in 5 innings, Hordes 8 in 6 1/3 innings, Cohen L. 1 in 2 2/3 innings.

Base on balls: Hordes 8, Bresler 1, Krustangle 4.

Doubles: Shapiro J. 1, Koenigsberg J. 1.

Triples: Routenberg H. J. 1.

Home Runs: Greenberg A. H. 1.

Umpires: Levine, Krustangle, and Lamb.

P. S. There would have been a punchball tournament if the Hamilton Fish Park policeman had been in good humor. However, the life of a policeman is no "bed of roses," and a punchball tournament cannot be held according to the grouchy moods of a policeman.





H. MASHIOFF



THE HUMOR COLUMN

*We know that you all like good jokes,
So don't greet those with a sneer
But we advise you secretly
That you won't find them here!*

*We worked so hard to get them out
To make this part of the Elchanite
But what could we do, much we tried,
The humor editor was a parasite.*

Biology Instructor: "Name me three things that contain starch."

Student: "Two collars and a cuff."

Torricelli, the inventor of the Torricellian vacuum, was the only one who produced nothing and got credit for it.

Hygiene Instructor: "How would you treat a man rescued from drowning?"

Stude: I'd roll his stomach on a barrel, pull out his tongue, give him artificial perspiration, and wrap a tourniquet around his neck.

Nit: "How was iron discovered,"

Wit: "They smelt it."

Famous Spirits of the Day:

Spirit of '76, Spirit of St. Louis, Spirit of Ammonia, School Spirit.

Mr. Efron has besought us to print this:
"A board-eraser takes in more math, than any student in the school."

What would happen if the Prince of Wales took up aviation?

"What's your son in college?"

"Oh! he's a half-back!"

"And how about his studies?"

"He's way-back."

Papa—"Why is it called the Mother Language?"

Dad—"Just see who uses it mostly."

Silence is golden

That's all very well

For people who have secrets

They don't want to tell

But when one has goods

He's anxious to sell

He'll find it more golden

To stand up and yell.

Nit—"Say, have you heard about the terrible crash early in the morning?"

Wit—"No."

Nit—"Well, day broke."

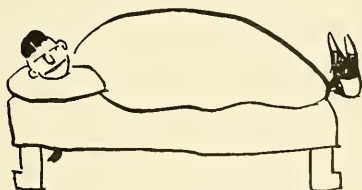
Capital punishment is used when a car carries no lights and the driver is "all lit up."

"Do you find it difficult to drink soup with a moustache?"

"Yes, it's quite a strain."



THIS BED IS TOO SHORT / WELL- DON'T SLEEP SO LONG!



— SAMUEL M. KOENIGSBERG —



Business Projects:

The delicatessen business is "going to the dogs."

The Doctors' Association are making a drive against apple growers.

Interboro to compete with Nedick's. They are to charge 7c. a crush.

The Instant Postum Co. has decided to publish Geometry books. "There's a reason."

Maxwell House Coffee Co. has started manufacturing parachutes that are "good to the last drop."

First Drunkard—"A street car just pasht here."

Second Ditto—"How do you know, Hik?"

First—"Hik, I can shee its tracks."

"Do you like matso balls?"

"I don't know. I never attended one."

Speedster—"This is a pretty town wasn't it?"

He's so dumb, he thinks—

Whiskey originated with the cotton-gin. One studies physics so as to become a physician.

One wears pumps because of "water on the knee."

You smoke a bagpipe.

A log table is a piece of furniture.

"Stilled" water puts you to sleep.

"How long did Cain hate Abel?"

"As long as he was Abel."

Teacher—"Why does the earth revolve around the sun on its axis?"

Scholar—"Yess sir, because it doesn't want to get roasted too much on one side"

Freshy—"Hey, soph! Where can I find the members of the Elchanite staff?"

Soph—"Across the street near that stable with the horses."

Freshy—"Do you think I'll have any trouble finding them?"

Soph—"No, they're the only ones with portfolios under their arms."

Why aren't chickens afraid to die?

Because they have their necks twirled (next world).

Doors are made of trees—trees are made out-of-doors.

Rastus—"Man, what am de latest improvement in modern weapon?"

Saztus—"De collaps'ble razor, man!"

Stude—"Can I please be excused from to-day's lesson? I'm sick."

Teacher—"Sick nothing! Yo didn't prepare your work."

Stude—"That's why I'm sick."

You can't drive in a nail with a sponge no matter how hard yo soak it.

A—"What does a Jewish Eskimo do when his relative dies?"

B—"He sits "'n shives."

Value of Punctuation:

A reporter submitted an article to a paper which read as follows:

"James Birkley ran and jumped, half an hour after, his legs were amputated."

The paper printed it thus:

"James Birkley ran and jumped half an hour after his legs were amputated."

A student once wrote on the board:

The teacher says John is a fool.

Another student added a few commas;

The teacher, says John, is a fool.

A poet submitted a poem to a news paper, one line of which read:

"—my son, my pigmy counterpart—"

The next morning the line appeared thus:

"—my son, my pig, my counterpart—"

Rastus—"Did you ever speak before an audience?"

Pastry—"Yes sah."

Rastus—"What did you say?"

Pastry—"Not guilty."

—*News Excerpt.*

Mr. Lamm—"Perseus cut the giant's head off with a long sharp sword. What kind of ablative is that?"

Absent Minded Student—"Ablative of Separation."

Passenger to Captain:—"When does the tide rise?"

"I want to close my portholes."

Teacher:—"What is the interest on \$1000.00 for one year at 2%, Ikey pay attention."

Ikey:—"For 2% I'm not interested."

The absent minded professor, who mistook loose-leaf reinforcements for Life Savers; soaked his feet in coffee to keep them from falling asleep.

Blackest:—"Ah wants a razzah."

Blackest Midnight:—"Safety razzah?"

Blackest:—"No, foh social puhposes."

"My word is law!" he told his friends
But later 'twas revealed
When Dr. Safir set down his foot
The law was repealed.

Definitions:

Bacteria—the back entrance to a cafeteria.

Aeroplane poison—A deadly drug—one drop and you're dead.

Imaginary Number—the \$20 we were to receive for our send-off.

Capital Punishment—The Income Tax.

"We"—Latin students and a "pony".

Entrance Exams.—**\$,!&?) (j(Xxz# %"

Scotchman taking breathing exercises:

Inhale: 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

Exhale: 1-2.

We wonder whether some night students attending C.C.N.Y. intend to graduate or get a pension?

Milkman—"I fell down a flight of steps with 3 bottles of milk and I didn't break one."

Customer—"How is that?"

Milkman—"I had them inside of me."

Civics Teacher—"Where is the Hall of Fame?"

Stude—"Between 3rd and 4th floor before election."

"You shouldn't punish Bobby. What makes you think he took the money out of your pocket? It might have been me."

"No, there was some left."

Frosh:—"A burglar looted the Supply Store."

Soph:—"What did he get?"

Frosh:—"Practice . . ."

Mr. Efron—"Did this offender offer any resistance?"

Disc Squadman—"Only 10c, sir and I wouldn't take it."

H. B. — "Hey! Slim, why don't you ever attend your German class."

G. H. — "Well it's like this: Loew's had an extraordinary bill—"

There never was strife

In Latin class life

Nor ever a pang of remorse

Their manner was gay

Till one fated day

Mr. Lamm discovered a "horse."

Our absent-minded editor surveyed himself in a hair brush instead of in the mirror. "Gracious, but I need a shave," he said.

Our grad's go to Chicago to make an honest living. They should have little competition.

O:—"How does Mr. Weiner feel?"

U:—"He's feeling 'wurst.'"

(Continued from page 71)

"THE CHANUKA ASSEMBLIES"

Despite the fact that the Chanukah ceremonies remain the same through the years, the Yeshiva students witnessed an innovation in the Glee Club's singing. The event came as a surprise to most of the student body, for the work of the club, necessarily confined to a few qualified students, went on very quietly. After the first performance, however, the school was enthusiastic. There were, of course some young men who insisted on wise-cracking, but in the main the welcome accorded the Glee Club was warm and whole-hearted.

(Continued from page 74)

Back and forth, back and forth, he rocked himself; creak-creak-creak-creak, went the rocker; and his mind kept up the monotonous tune, "It can't be true—, it can't be true." Just then the clock chimed out the hour in the sweet, musical, bell-like notes. In a frenzy, Milton ran to it, raised it above his head and shattered it on the ground. Then mockingly, behind him, there floated up from the street the voice of some one singing. "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, I love the song of the bells. Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling—, ting-a-ling, I love the story they tell." Milton rushed back to the window, slammed it down to shut out the

EVOLUTION

Freshman:—"I don't know."

Sophomore:—"I am not prepared."

Junior:—"I do not remember."

Senior:—"I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."

Teacher:—"If the G. O. supply store advertised note books at 5c. a piece and if you paid them 15c. how many note books would you get?"

Stude:—"Two."

Teacher:—"But that's wrong."

Stude:—"I know t is but they do it anyhow."

One day as I chanced to pass

A beaver was damming a river

And a man who had run out of gas,

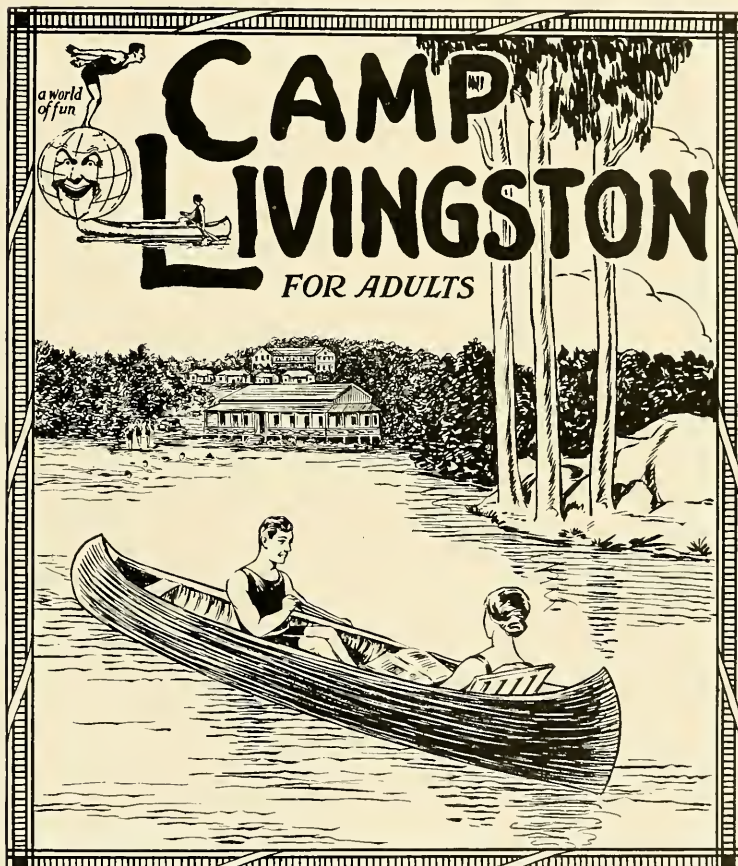
Was doing the same to his flivver.

The assemblies were opened by Samuel M. Koenigsberg, the President during the fall term. Each night a member of the Glee Club acted as Hazan, and the other members, under the leadership of Solomon Bashkowitz, constituted a supporting choir. There followed interesting lectures each night by Dr. David S. Stern, Dr. P. Churgin, Rabbi Aaron D. Burack, and Rabbi Michael S. Eskolsky. A splendid vocal program followed the lighting of the candles. Mr. Bashkowitz had so well drilled his charges that their selections were well-nigh perfect. In short, the Chanukah assemblies were novel, tuneful, entertaining, and inspiring.

song, and slumped, exhausted, into the rocker. Thoughts of his plight raced through his mind. To escape them, he madly began to rock back and forth. Creak-creak, creak-creak, raced the chair. But his mind raced to keep in harmony. Reva—is dead. Daniel—is dead. It can't—be true. It can't—be true. Mockingly, the chair gave the answer "Yes,—its true. Both are dead. Dead-dead."

Finally, relief came to him in a sleep of exhaustion—a peaceful oblivion. The song of the bells had stopped; but, oh, what a memory lingered on for Mr. Tingle—to haunt him forever, till the day when he, too, would hark to that "Song of the Bells."

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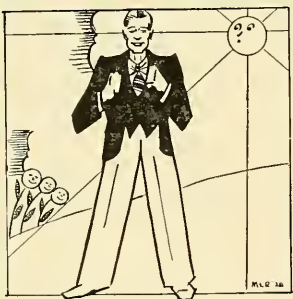
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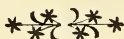
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